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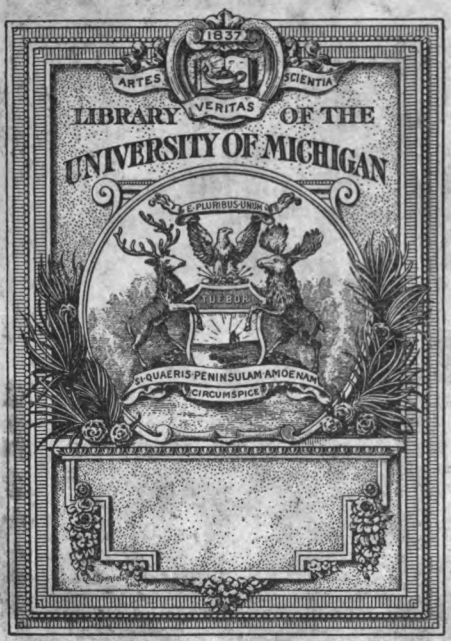
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Red-letter Days of my Life.

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By Mrs. Andrew Crosse,

Author of "Memorials of Andrew Crosse, Electrician."

In Two Volumes.

Vol. II.

London:

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RED-LETTER DAYS OF MY LIFE.

SCIENCE AND SOCIETY IN THE FIFTIES.

THE experimental philosopher, as a rule, is blessed with a love of fun and humour, and possesses, perhaps, in a higher degree than his brethren of the pen, a happy facility for mental relaxation. The Germans would probably seek to explain this condition of mind as due to the intermittence of objective, in distinction to the continuity of subjective trains of thought; but these are hard words; and as Bishop Berkeley says, metaphysicians first raise a

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dust, and then complain they cannot see. It is a fact, and that is enough for us, that scientific men are generally cheerful minded, and can take pleasure in wholesome frivolity; they, more easily than scholars or poets, can get out of their sphere of work, can more easily unbend the bow, and restore thereby the balance of their physical well-being.

This was certainly the case with Faraday—though not perhaps conspicuously to the world at large, with whom his relations were those of a solemn teacher of nature's mysteries, a grave exponent of her laws, and above all a man of such abstruse originality that he seemed a dweller in the very empyrean of thought.

One of the earliest visits we paid in London, after our marriage in 1850, was an afternoon call on Dr. and Mrs. Faraday at the Royal Institution. My hus-

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band was on terms of intimacy with the great electrician, being himself an enthusiastic labourer in the same field—a field whose limits were even then known to be as illimitable as Cosmos itself.

I had never yet seen Faraday. A feeling of awe overcame me as we ascended the long flight of stairs leading to the upper chambers of that famous house in Albemarle Street. With the knowledge that we were approaching the Arcana of Science, I was in no condition of sympathy with the fools that rush in, but rather felt restrained by the reverent spirits of those who fear to tread, on sacred ground. The very sound of the homely door-knocker rapped on my heart. Youth and ignorance are ever diffident—at least, they ought to be—and they were in the days that are past. We entered, and were kindly greeted by Mrs. Faraday,

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who led us through the outer sitting-room into an inner sanctum. There was Faraday himself, half reclining on a sofa, with a heap of circulating library novels round him; he had evidently rejected some, that were thrown carelessly on the floor, but his eyes were glued on the exciting pages of a third volume.

"He reads a great many novels, and it is very good for him to divert his mind," said Mrs. Faraday to us, later on.

It was a touch of nature, delightfully reassuring; the feeling of awe gave place to warmest human sympathy, when the philosopher in his most vivacious manner, and his ever cheery voice, welcomed us, not forgetting however to place a mark in his book.

These were winter days, a busy time with "lectures" and laboratory work; but we wanted to engage the Faradays to pay

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us a visit at Fyne Court, in the late summer, when they would be able to get away from London. Mr. Crosse, who fully shared in Faraday's delight in a thunderstorm, said laughingly, that he hoped we might have a "rattling good storm, to welcome them to the Quantock Hills;" adding, "but I am sorry to say that we are not unfrequently disappointed, owing to that abominable Bridgewater river which carries off some of our best storms."

This remark led to a discussion upon the electric attraction of river systems, and the consequent distribution of rain. Schönbein's recent researches on ozone were touched upon, in reference to its excess in the atmosphere, or its absence, being possibly in some way connected with influenza and other epidemic disorders. Dr. Faraday then asked Mr. Crosse about his experiments upon "the carrying and

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transferring power of electricity." In conclusion he remarked, on hearing of Mr. Crosse's success in the transfer of pure silver through distilled water by slow electric action, "that there can be no doubt that that power has been astonishingly influential in bringing about many of the earthy and metalliferous arrangements of the globe."

The conversation had begun simply enough, about the novels of Lever and Trollope, and the promise of the first Exhibition, which was to be opened ere many months; but science was too near to both these enthusiasts for them to remain long without touching on the subject.

Leaving the eager talkers to their allotropic condition of oxygen in the atmosphere, and the ceaseless interchange of atoms in the earth beneath, Mrs. Faraday drew me aside, and candidly told me,

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in much kindness, and with true wifely wisdom, that our house was, of all places, the one where she could not permit her husband to spend his holiday. She was well aware that Fyne Court had its laboratories and foundries—in short, had electrical arrangements from garret to basement, and she foresaw that Faraday, instead of resting his brains, would be talking science all day long.

I did not fail to vindicate my husband's character as not being one of the Dryasdust school; assuring Mrs. Faraday that he had, at times, the ebullient spirits of a schoolboy, could play practical jokes, talk most excellent nonsense, on the principle that he who is not a fool sometimes is a fool always, and, lastly, that he had been convicted times out of mind of perpetrating the most execrable puns!

Faraday himself had been known to

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indulge in bad puns; there is a story told of his being terribly bored by a long-winded friend, who went on prosing about a mis-adventure he had had on one occasion, when driving across country after dark. This friend's coachman, who we may suppose was not a total abstainer, lost his way and wandered about and about; the narrator did the like in verbal de-scription, which was most tiresome; "at length," said he, "the fellow set me down in a miry road, where I was plunging about half the night in a perfect morass." "More ass you," rapped out the philoso-pher, glad to finish boredom with a laugh.

To return to the incidents of a visit, which to me were so memorable; we were about to take our leave, when, to my great delight, Dr. Faraday offered to show us over the "workshops," as he called them, of the Royal Institution.

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Descending to the basement, we passed through several rooms, but made our first halt in the old laboratory, where Davy had, with the marvellous insight of true genius, worked out his philosophical inductions, and given experimental proof of their accuracy. Here in this very spot, the principles of electro-chemistry took tangible form and significance. To the unreflecting mind, a scientific fact may perchance seem small and isolated; one may even be tempted to say with that foolish person, who with a sneer remarked to Franklin, "What's the use of it?" if one did not remember the philosopher's rejoinder, "What's the use of a baby?"

Speaking of Davy's great scientific achievements, Mr. Crosse remarked that the Swedish chemist Berzelius jealously endeavoured to detract from his merits, saying, "It was I, Berzelius, who opened

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the door and Davy walked in." This gave Faraday the occasion to speak of his "old master, that truly great man," in terms of reverence, that showed the largeness of his own nature.

The readers of Faraday's Biography will remember that when, in the capacity of private secretary, he accompanied Sir Humphry Davy in his travels on the Continent, he suffered not a little from the unsuitable impositions of service made upon him, and from the temper of Lady Davy; and what was far worse, in 1824, when Faraday sought the distinction of adding F.R.S. to his name, his election was strongly opposed by Sir Humphry. I knew nothing of these circumstances at the time of the visit I am describing; but I have often thought since, in reference to the words I then heard, that certainly few men could so gratefully remember,

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and still fewer could so nobly forget, as did Faraday.

Coleridge, who had been Davy's friend when the raw Cornish lad first entered upon scientific work in Beddoes's Pneumatic Institution, in the far-off Bristol days, complained in later years of Davy "moulding himself to the world"—becoming, in short, "a Theomammonist." Coleridge, unconventional to a fault, anti-mundane in the extreme, frankly preferred "little i," as he said, "against a whole alphabet of public opinion."

Before we left the "old" laboratory, Faraday let us have a peep into the "froggery," a dismal sort of oubliette in this castle of science. Here, tradition says, those hapless creatures were kept for repeating Galvani's experiments on animal electricity.

Passing to the new laboratory, we found

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Anderson busy with his furnaces. Every one who recollects the Royal Institution in the Augustan age of Faraday will remember the familiar figure of Anderson, the assistant at the lectures, who never failed to bring the right thing, at the right moment. As once said of a greater personage, "he was never in the way, and never out of the way." Anderson, who was an old soldier, had been selected as specially suited to be Faraday's assistant, from his military habits of strict obedience. The experimental scientist requires his helpers "not to reason why," but to do as they are bid. The story is told * that on one occasion Faraday had forgotten to tell Anderson to stop work one evening as usual and go home. "He was found the next morning, still stoking away at the glowing furnaces, as he had been all night."

* In Dr. Gladstone's "Michael Faraday."

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When we were about to leave the laboratory, Faraday turned to give some directions to Anderson, and I could not but notice his kind tone of voice, in issuing these orders; it was done in a manner which implied a true sense of the mutual obligation, always existing between master and servant. Sixteen quarterings of pure Norman ancestry could not have made Michael Faraday, the blacksmith's son, a finer gentleman than he was by nature. Faraday has been known to put embarrassed Royalty at ease, with a grace that courtiers might envy.

Our cicerone had now taken us to the theatre of the Royal Institution. With the exception of our three selves, it was vacant, our voices echoing strangely in the semi-obscurity of the vaulted space. How often, in subsequent years, I was to see this theatre crowded almost to suffocation,

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when Faraday, "the Prince of Lecturers," was giving one of his Friday evening discourses. Those seats would be filled again and again with personages of the highest rank of intellect and social standing in our realm, and with foreign savants, whose names belong to the world and to all time; but these brilliant gatherings will never obliterate the impression made upon me, when Faraday stood—all but alone—in the vacant theatre!

Dr. Faraday had been explaining to Mr. Crosse some new appliances for the better exhibition of certain experiments before an audience, when, turning to me, he said, with a mischievous smile—

"In the good old days the ladies were kept well out of the way, up there in the gallery; but even poor philosophers must submit to the inevitable, and they have come down amongst us."

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"I hope they are not a disturbing influence," I ventured to remark.

"We will not talk of that now," he replied, laughing, and patting my shoulder —a kindly gesture, not infrequent on his part, towards intimate friends, and when in a playful mood.

The conversation then turned on the lines of magnetic force; it was of too technical a nature for me to follow, but I remember Faraday saying, "It is a matter of serious regret to me that I am no mathematician; if I could live my life over again, I would study mathematics; it is a great mistake not to do so, but it is too late now."

"An electrician should be a Jack-of-all-trades," remarked my husband.

Just then there came over Faraday's countenance one of those quick transitions of expression that was so characteristic of

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him, and he adverted to his struggling days of mere hand-labour, when, as he put it, "the binding of other men's thoughts in leather backs seemed the only means of livelihood open to him."

"You must be very happy in your present position, Dr. Faraday," I observed, turning to him, for I felt my womanly sympathy appealed to; "your present pursuits must elevate you so entirely out of all the meaner aspects and lower aims of common life."

He shook his head, and with that wonderful mobility of countenance so peculiar to him, his bright look changed to one of profound sadness, and he replied, "When I quitted business, and took to science as a career, I thought I had left behind me all the petty meannesses and small jealousies which hinder man in his moral progress; but I found myself raised

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into another sphere, only to find poor human nature just the same everywhere, subject to the same weaknesses and the same self-seeking, however exalted the intellect."

Faraday's character, looked at from its non-scientific, but purely human side, is extremely interesting. We know "the best men are moulded out of faults," and Faraday was no ready-made angel, but felt and confessed himself a humble scholar in life's school, where the discipline of circumstances mars or makes a character. The journal written during his tour abroad with Sir Humphry Davy, together with the early letters to his friend Abbott, as they appear in Dr. Bence Jones's "Life of Faraday," are very helpful to an understanding of the growth and self-training of his mind. He seems to have shared with Kant, whom I believe

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he never read, a knowledge of the true balance of belief in the infinitude of material creation, and a due reverence for the moral law within the soul of man, which also is infinite. The spiritual instinct was very strong in Faraday, though as an experimentalist he dealt only with the material forces of Nature. Of the formula of his own religious belief, few people outside his own community ever heard him speak. He was "no graceless zealot" fighting for "modes of faith;" but certainly "his life was in the right," if ever man's was in this world.

Though reticent about the articles of his faith, Faraday was outspoken and consistent in referring all phenomena to the Omnipotent wisdom of God. In the first lecture in his course on the non-metallic elements, in the spring of 1852, there occurs a fine passage. He was remarking on the

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protean aspects of these elements which constitute so large a proportion of the material world, when he proceeded to say—

"But higher contemplations than those of mere chemical science are suggested by the investigation of these properties: objects of greater interest present themselves than the deductions of law or the perfection of systems. An investigation of the distinctive properties of chemical elements unfolds to us the mysterious yet simple means chosen by the Omnipotent for accomplishing His results; teaching us how elements the most seemingly unmanageable and discordant are made to watch like ministering angels around us —each performing tranquilly its destined function—moving through all the varying phases of decay and death—and then springing into new life, assuming new forms."

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It was early in the Fifties, when we all thought the trusty schoolmaster was abroad with his primer, and when, as Kingsley said, "the devil was shamming dead," that Sludge the medium made his appearance, "turning tables" and introducing to the "awe-struck, wide-eyed, open-mouthed" *educated* classes—

> "Milton composing baby-rhymes, and Locke
> Reasoning in gibberish, Homer writing Greek
> In noughts and crosses, Asaph setting psalms
> To crotchet and quaver."

Publishers and unbelievers in these posthumous writings of the immortals were confronted by friends, whose veracity they had never doubted, asserting that they themselves had heard and seen these marvels of waving hands and mystic writing. Warren, the author of "Ten Thousand a Year," made a capital answer to Lady Mary Topham, who, in giving

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her account of certain spiritual manifestations, ended up by saying, "and you know, Mr. Warren, seeing is believing." "Yes, Lady Mary, and—believing is seeing," was the sharp retort.

When the craze of table-turning was at its height, my husband and I had not infrequently the pleasure of dining in company with Cobden and Bright, on Sunday evenings, when the party never exceeded six or eight people. One soon forgot Cobden's broad Sussex tone of voice, in the genuine charm of his manner. The first evening, Bright, I remember, was late in making his appearance, and we began dinner without him; at length he came in upon us like Jove's thunderbolt. He had been detained by the necessity of seeing the Greek Minister; there was some burning question at issue, about which he and Cobden began talking in

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hammer and tongs fashion; they seemed so violently opposed to one another, that I thought a quarrel between this political Damon and Pythias nothing short of inevitable. I was aghast at the highly militant aspect of the Peace party—it was said of John Bright, that if he had not been a Quaker, he would have been a prize-fighter. Presently, in the midst of the discussion, Cobden said something conclusive of the argument, with an infinitely humorous turn, and everybody laughed, Bright included.

From politics the conversation turned upon general subjects, and in rejoinder to Mr. Crosse's remark that the present age was devoid of sublimity, Mr. Bright said, "Shakespeare and Milton can be over-rated; as a matter of fact, Shakespeare has written a great deal of nonsense;" and he went on to say, that what

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he liked best in "Paradise Lost" is the description of the revolt of the angels. My impression was that Bright in saying this, and a good deal more that was very anti-poetical, was in a mood for indulging in paradox.

After dinner was over, the gentlemen soon joined the ladies in the drawing-room, and Mr. Bright proposed that we should try table-turning. We all arranged ourselves round a table that seemed to have agile possibilities, and, placing our hands in the regulation manner, waited for manifestations. We waited, and we waited—it was wearisome, for nothing came of it; but meanwhile, Mr. Bright was exhorting us to have patience. Presently the spirit of mischief possessed Mr. Cobden, who was next me, and he exchanging a glance with me of mutual understanding, we two exerted ourselves

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to move the unimpressionable table by mere muscular force. It began to slide round, for our feet helped our hands. "It's going, it's going!" cried out Mr. Bright in triumph; but just then he looked up, and seeing that we were laughing, exclaimed, "Oh, it's all a trick; I see Mrs. Crosse and Cobden are in league." "Of course I am in the League, as the wife of a free-trader is bound to be," I promptly replied. Just at that moment, a gentleman present asked Mr. Bright some questions connected with business in the House; the latter, turning towards him, adjusted the high Quaker collar of his coat, with a trick of manner peculiar to him, and slightly throwing back his head, spoke in answer gravely and forcibly. In that moment I caught an impression of the great orator; his face was full of power and earnestness—

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the earnestness of internal conviction, the power to influence the multitude.

A few days after this dinner, I saw our Somersetshire neighbour, Colonel Charles Tynte—*Mezzo-Tint*, as he was called, because his father and his son were also colonels. I mentioned to him the interest I had felt in meeting the leaders of the Free Trade movement. In conversation he told me what Lord John Russell had quite recently said to him, imitating as he did so the speaker's drawling manner: "If you ask me," said his lordship, "who is the best speaker in the House—well, I must say, John Bright."

But to return to spiritualism; whether one met Mrs. *Milliner* Gibson—as that somewhat over-dressed lady was called—with her magic bracelet of amber beads, or Dr. Ashburner with his phials of mesmerized water, which, if you looked into

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them long enough, would picture all the scenes of your past life; the tiresome subject would crop up.

Faraday was pestered with applications and letters from people who believed that "a new force" had been discovered, and expected him to explain it scientifically. "Poor electricity is made accountable for half the follies of the age," said Faraday one day when we were talking over the new craze. He invited my husband to accompany him to a *séance*, where the following incident occurred. A girl present, who was said to be in a state of clairvoyance, was supposed to manifest extraordinary emotion when, as directed, Dr. Faraday turned the apex of a rock crystal towards her. But the girl could see the crystal, and the obvious conclusion was—that she was in collusion with the giver of the *séance* and was acting a

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part. It was pretended that the action of her ordinary senses was in abeyance, and that in fact her eyes saw nothing outwardly. Mr. Crosse handed his hat to Dr. Faraday to use as a screen before the object; this was no sooner done than the clairvoyante failed utterly to respond to the movements of the crystal. There were other exhibitions, which, under the test of common sense, failed equally; the whole thing was a perfect fiasco, quite unworthy the serious consideration of scientific men. Faraday often took occasion to remark "on the tendency there is in the human mind to deceive ourselves in regard to all we wish, and the lack of all real educational training of the judgment." This was said in 1853. In the summer of the same year, Faraday wrote a letter to his friend Schönbein, which the world—though it believes itself better

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educated, more advanced, and wiser generally—may read with interest and profit, for the folly of the foolish is always with us.

"I have not been at work," writes Faraday, "except in turning the tables upon the table-turners, nor should I have done that, but that so many inquiries poured in upon me, that I thought it better to stop the inpouring flood by letting all know, at once, what my views and thoughts were. What a weak, credulous, incredulous, unbelieving, superstitious, bold, frightened—what a ridiculous world ours is, as far as concerns the mind of man! How full of inconsistencies, contradictions, and absurdities it is!"

All those who were fortunate enough to have known the great electrician must have been impressed by the singularly even balance of his mind; a contrast to

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Darwin, who lost, if indeed he ever possessed, a love of poetry, and became deaf and blind as it were to the imaginative side of our nature. Faraday was not given to quote poetry, or to talk about it in a literary sense; but as the mathematician discovers in the universe "a divine geometry," so did he discover to his hearers—whether he lectured on "Magnetic Actions and Affections" or on the "Conservation of Force"—a divine poetry in the laws of Nature. No attentive listener ever came away from one of Faraday's lectures without having the limits of his spiritual vision enlarged, or without feeling that his imagination had been stimulated to something beyond the mere exposition of physical facts.

Nor does Faraday stand alone as a physicist who is touched by the afflatus of poetry. I remember, at one of the

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Friday evening lectures at the Royal Institution, Dr. Tyndall quoted Helmholtz, who finely says—

"The cleavage of crystalline slate rocks are so many telescopes to our spiritual vision, by which we can see backwards through the night of antiquity, and discern the forces which have been on the earth's surface—

> "'Ere the lion roared,
> Or the eagle soared.'"

In reference to the attitude of poetry towards science, I remember Professor Huxley remarking that "Tennyson is the only poet of our day who has fused true science into song." This was said, and said truly, more than three decades since, but posterity has proposed no amendment. Tennyson may still be described as standing alone in his reception of the inductive processes of science, which, passing into

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his mind, have moulded his thoughts. The philosopher looking into nature

> "Sees his shadow glory-crowned—
> He sees himself in all he sees."

"In Memoriam" is full of passages that echo, if they do not anticipate, the voice of science. The following lines, it will be remembered, had appeared before Darwin had formulated his theory of evolution:—

> "Ocean sounds,
> And, star and system rolling past,
> A soul shall draw from out the vast
> And strike his being into bounds,
>
> "And, *moved thro' life of lower phase*,
> Result in man."

And the same keynote is struck in the familiar lines in form of exhortation—

> "Arise and fly
> The reeling Faun, the sensual feast;
> Move upward, working out the beast,
> And let the ape and tiger die."

Sir Andrew Ramsay, the geologist,

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many years ago wrote "a parallel between Lyell and Tennyson," showing how the geological facts of the man of science were reflected in the poet's verse. If I remember rightly, one of the many passages selected from Tennyson was as follows:—

"There rolls the deep where grew the tree.
O Earth, what changes hast thou seen!
There where the long street roars, hath been
The stillness of the central sea.

"The hills are shadows, and they flow
From form to form, and nothing stands;
They melt like mist, the solid lands,
Like clouds they shape themselves and go."

It is remarkable that Browning—though supreme in his adjustment of moral harmony, and profoundly intellectual in his ethical system—should have passed modern science coldly by on the other side. Even in his "Paracelsus," which, if treated historically, would have suggested the search for knowledge through the phenomena of

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creation, or by experiments on forces that have the power to bind and to loose; yet the poet does not so treat the subject, preferring to look for Nature's secrets in the souls of great men, relying on the knowledge which springs direct from the human mind.

Poets were not the only people who failed in the full recognition of science. I remember a smile passing round the dinner-table when a political personage, who has since been a Cabinet Minister, made the curious mistake of supposing that the Royal Society and the Royal Institution were one and the same. Though Cardinal Wiseman, who was then extremely *répandu* in society, together with Sir Henry Rawlinson and other non-scientific men, lectured frequently in Albemarle Street, the Friday evening meetings were evidently quite unknown to the politician—albeit he was

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himself a writer of biography. The slip was the more remarkable as it was made by a man too young to plead, as did the late Lord Derby, that he unfortunately belonged to a pre-scientific age.

Mr. Grote, the historian, was one of the few scholarly writers whom I met in the old days, who brought a disposing mind to the fresh array of scientific facts; not that he was technically informed on those subjects, as he himself confessed, but he took stock of their value among the possessions of the human intellect.

The courteous, old-fashioned tone of Mr. Grote's conversation hardly led one to expect him to be so modern in thought and expression as he really was. Mr. and Mrs. Grote were a great contrast to each other; it did not require Sydney Smith's wit to discover that they had exchanged attributes. He was so measured and

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decorous in all things, and his wife so much the reverse—at least in talk. I remember her startling a sedate and somewhat dull set of people, by saying that nothing would go right in the world till marriages were entered upon like the tenancy of a house, with leases of seven, fourteen, and twenty-one years, renewable or not, at pleasure.

We did not say things so crudely in the Fifties, as it is the fashion to do now. No one would ever have associated the idea of female vanity with Mrs. Grote, whose dressing Sydney Smith summed up as grotesque; nothing could be more careless, more incongruous, or more shabby than her garments. But the strong-minded woman had her little weakness—she was proud of her legs. When Susan Durant was modelling her statue of "The Forsaken Shepherdess," which was sub-

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sequently placed in the Mansion House, her friend, Mrs. Grote, proffered herself as a model for the legs, which, Arcadian like, were scant of covering. The result fully justified the lady's pretensions.

The Grotes, Lord Houghton—who, by-the-by, was pointed out to me as "the cool of the evening" the first time I ever saw him—Sir Emerson Tenant, Sir Henry Rawlinson, Sir Charles Fellows, Mr. Fergusson, and a host of other non-scientific people, were to be met at Mrs. Barlow's delightful parties in the old days. Mr. Barlow became Honorary Secretary of the Royal Institution as long ago as 1843, and for more than twenty years he and his wife gave an eminently social aspect to the learned gatherings. They lived in Berkeley Street, conveniently near the Institution. It was Mrs. Barlow's custom during the session to invite the Friday

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evening lecturer to meet a party at dinner, at seven o'clock, the lecture beginning at nine. The guests were mostly bidden in compliment to the lecturer's special subject. If Lyell was to discourse on the antiquity of man, or Ramsay on the climate of the Permian epoch, then the party would consist of geologists and their wives, with a judicious sprinkling of fashionable outsiders, amongst whom the hostess had family connections. But there is antipathy, as well as sympathy, even among the followers of science. Faraday was right: human nature is the same everywhere. For instance, Sir Richard Owen and Professor Huxley would not be asked to meet one another; and, alas! though they had been the closest of friends, Sedgwick and Murchison no longer hunted *Siluria* in couples. Even astronomers can be the reverse of nice with each other, though

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the objects of their affections are so far removed. Arago's abuse of his fellow-worker was the most comprehensive in the language; he said of Leverrier that he was "the greatest scoundrel within the orbit of Neptune." Our own astronomer, Adams, had in those days, or at least his friends had for him, a grudge against Airy for neglecting to notice his paper on the "Perturbations of Uranus," and thereby, in point of time, losing to England the honour of the discovery of Neptune. There was a skit in verse written at the time, which began thus—

> "When Airy was told, he wouldn't believe it;
> When Challis saw, he couldn't perceive it."

I fear I forget the rest. As we know, Leverrier's telescope found the planet, the position of which Adams, earlier than himself, had proved by induction. The Frenchman lost no time in announcing the fact.

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The result was that the Royal Society doubted to whom their annual medal was due; there was no precedent for duplicating it, so in the end each claimant received a testimonial, which the friends of each supplemented with—a grievance!

In common justice it must be said, no international jealousies ever interfered with the hospitable receptions accorded to distinguished foreigners, in the scientific society of London.

Among the foreign *savants* to be met with at the Murchisons', the Lyells', the Barlows', and elsewhere, there remains on my mind a very distinct recollection of M. Quételet, whom we met first at the Spences'. This well-known Belgian astronomer and statistician was a noble-looking man, whose conversation was full of grave interest. Just at this time, the *Christian socialism* of Maurice and

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Kingsley was attracting the attention of many earnest-minded men, who desired to lessen the evils that appeared to be no other than the noxious products of civilization. It will be remembered that a savage attack had been made on the two clergymen by Wilson Croker in the pages of the *Quarterly*, and this circumstance brought the matter still more under discussion. In reference to the vexed question, M. Quételet used these remarkable words: "*c'est la société qui prépare le crime, le coupable n'est que l'instrument qui l'exécute.*"

Another foreigner, who was often to be met in society at the time—a Frenchman, whom Kinglake might have classed with those deserving to be Englishmen, if born again—was M. Sainte-Claire Deville. He had only recently re-discovered aluminium, aided in his researches by a grant from

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the Emperor Louis Napoleon, who, much as he hated the Victor Hugos of the pen, knew how to be civil to men of science. Aluminium was to be so cheap, that houses were to be roofed with it, and iron pots and kettles were to be superseded by the lighter metal. Alas! to our cost, every storm still finds out our loose tiles; and cumbrous iron still holds its sway in the kitchen.

In my old note-book, amongst other foreign friends and acquaintances, there appears the name of the celebrated French chemist, Dumas, and I am thereby reminded of an amusing incident. The contributions of this distinguished man to the science of organic chemistry were amply sufficient to justify a large amount of self-esteem; but vanity is not a becoming garment when it has no *revers* of humility. M. Dumas was not only

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known for his laboratory work, he was associated with the dignity of official life, having held the *porte-feuille* of Agriculture and Commerce; but yet he was not happy —he had a crook in his lot, for his name was the same as that of the too prolific novelist, the author of "Monte Cristo," and nothing irritated the man of science so much as being mistaken for his namesake. It chanced on one occasion, the distinguished *savant* being the guest of the evening, that a lady well known in society as a great lion-hunter desired, with her usual charming audacity, to be introduced to the dignified, muchly decorated Frenchman. She immediately began pouring out the torrent of her flattery, the first words of which nearly convulsed the bystanders, who of course took in the humour of the situation. "Oh, M. Dumas," exclaimed the effusive lady, "I

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am delighted to meet you, but you are no stranger to me, you have not in England a greater admirer than myself; I know every line of your writings, from 'Monte Cristo' to the delightful 'Mousquetaires;' I hope you will allow me to send you a card for my next *soirée* on——"

"Madam, I am in no way connected with the writer you allude to," said the *savant*, with a cold disdain that no asinine, snub-proof coat-of-mail could resist.

"Oh, I thought you were the great M. Dumas," exclaimed the bewildered lady.

Here the hostess intervened, but not too soon as to spoil our enjoyment of the *petite comedie*. In France the chemist was called "Dumas le savant," and so the novelist laughingly called himself "Dumas l'ignorant."

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The hospitalities in Berkeley Street were not confined to the weekly dinners; for during the Royal Institution Session, Mrs. Barlow received her friends at her own house, after the lecture was over at ten o'clock. These gatherings had something of the character of a French *salon;* the same people—always with a pleasant infusion of strangers—met week after week, not as fortuitous atoms in the social whirlpool, but having sympathy of tastes and interests, that gave a feeling of continuity to the meetings. There was hardly an English notability in the ranks of science, or a foreign *savant* visiting London, who did not, on one or more occasions, put in an appearance in Berkeley Street. Literature and diplomacy were also well represented. The listener might gather in a focus something of the spirit of the age. Lacaita and Pollock discussing a

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new reading of Dante, while a very young man—but we know even the youngest of us are not infallible—was declaring the new gospel according to Carlyle. Lord Stanhope might be heard quoting Avicenna and Averroes, tracing the influence of Arabic learning on the Reformation; and Maurice assenting to the line of argument, with the remark that Protestantism was always favourable to science. Vernon Lushington would perhaps be looking up volunteer lecturers for the Working-men's College, which he and many other earnest-minded men had so much at heart. There was in all probability heterodoxy enough present to *veto* "Eternal punishment," though the Council of King's College had lately expelled Maurice on that count, from the two chairs he had filled with so much distinction.

To return to things more mundane;

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Lord Wrottesley and Sir Roderick Murchison were very likely talking over the foreign astronomers and travellers who were to be present at the next meeting of the British Association; but whatever the subject, it was sure, in Sir Roderick's case, to culminate in some remark about the Czar of All the Russias. The very courteous reception accorded to our English geologist at St. Petersburg had made a deep impression on the author of "Siluria." The story goes that some mischievous friends made a bet between them, as to the number of times that Sir Roderick Murchison would contrive to bring in the name of his "august friend" during the conversation, which was carefully to be kept off Russia and all kindred topics. The talk chanced to turn on feats of memory, and many notable instances were given, when Sir Roderick interposed,

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saying, "It is a curious fact that the Emperor Nicholas has the most remarkable memory of any man I ever met"—then followed an anecdote which my friend, not having a royal memory, forgot when repeating the incident to me.

There was no man whose side faults deserved to be, and were, more fully forgiven than Sir Roderick's. Generous by nature and in practice, and with sincere convictions, he showed to the class whose inheritance of leisure is too often spent in frivolity or worse, the excellent example of devotion to hard work. I have heard Sir Andrew Ramsay, who frequently accompanied him on his geological surveys, declare that he never knew a man of such inexhaustible physical and mental energy. Sir Roderick would walk from dawn to sundown, talking all the time of the Palæozoic rocks, never varying the

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subject, as much as by a mention of strata above the Old Red Sandstone.

Of Sir Roderick's friendship for the Czar, I may mention the following curious incident. It will be remembered that he had spent some years in Russia, when preparing his great work on the *Geological Structure* of that country. In the autumn of 1854, Mr. Crosse and I were staying in a country house, where Sir Roderick was also a guest. He took me in to dinner one day, a day to be remembered, for the news of the battle of the Alma had reached England. At dinner, amidst much enthusiasm, our host proposed that we should all drink to the "success of the British arms." To my surprise, nay consternation, my neighbour reversed his glass, guarding it with his hand, when the servant was about to pour out the wine.

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"Not drink the health of our army, and you a soldier, Sir Roderick!"

"No," he answered me, "I cannot drink to the success of an unnecessary war; my long friendship with the Emperor Nicholas has made me aware that all this might have been prevented, and I believe before many years are over that statesmen will acknowledge that this is a political mistake."

Several years afterwards, I was present at one of those delightful meetings that Sydney Smith used to call, in the old days, "not Murchison's swarries, but his quarries," where every lady is expected to carry a geological hammer instead of a fan. It was at the time when the Treaty of Paris was virtually set aside by the reappearance of the Russian fleet in the Black Sea. In remarking on the circumstance, Sir Roderick said, "I told you

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years ago that England would derive no ultimate advantage from the Crimean War!"

When President of the Geographical Society, Sir Roderick usually gave an annual "conversazione" at Willis's Rooms, for on these occasions even his spacious house, 16, Belgrave Square, was not large enough for the numerous guests. "*La spirituelle Lady Murchison*," as Alexander Humboldt called her, was always present; but one evening, in later years, her kindly presence was missed by all; and on asking Sir Roderick the cause of her absence, he replied, "My wife has struck work at last."

To her the learned geologist owed his first initiation into the love of science; she was a good conchologist before they married, and an excellent draughtswoman. Lady Murchison illustrated many of her husband's works. Other men also had

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wives who helped and sympathized in their scientific labours. General Sabine's wife translated, and he edited, Humboldt's "Cosmos." They were a delightful couple; each seemed to reflect the bright intelligence and the happy amiability of the other. Amongst the scientific men of that day there was a marked respect for female intellect, and the women wisely exercised their influence without clamorously asserting their equality. I know of no one who made choice of his wife "because she was a goose," as Charles Dickens is reported to have said he did. Courteous chivalry towards women is averred to be at once the root and the finest blossom of good manners. The plant flourished in the Fifties, and it is worth preserving.

Among the distinguished women of this time, the name of Mrs. Gaskell stands

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in the foremost rank. In her "Mary Barton" she had stirred the public conscience through the medium of fiction that was more true than fact, to quote Landor's words in reference to the quality of fiction at its best. I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Gaskell when, as a guest of my friends the Ramsays, I accompanied them to one of Lady Lyell's Monday evening receptions. Mrs. Gaskell appeared to me one of the most delightful women I had ever met; there was a genuine warmth and geniality in her manner; nay, more, a fascination about her that made you regret the time when you had not known her. There are people a single meeting with whom adds largely to our capital account of belief in human nature. Mrs. Gaskell was kind enough to write to me when I was residing for some months at Heidelberg, but, owing to my frequent visits to

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the Continent at that period, we never chanced to meet again.

Another female novelist, who long survived Mrs. Gaskell, though she was married ten years before the younger lady was born, was Mrs. Bray, the author of "Fitz of Fitzford" and many other novels, besides several good biographical works. Her reputation as a writer belonged chiefly to the third and fourth decade of our century. I knew the dear old lady rather intimately when she had become a widow for the second time. Mr. Bray, I think, must have been rather a dull man, judging from what she told me of his poetry and his sermons; but, then, I am one of those who prefer sermons in stones to those in print. Mrs. Bray herself seemed to brighten up when she left the vicar and his texts, to revert to Charles Stothard, "the husband of my youth," as

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she styled him. This artistic period of her life was full of vivid interest; it had a brief, sad ending in the accidental death of Charles Stothard, who, like his father, was a distinguished painter and draughtsman. It was with a flush of remembered pleasure even then that the old lady told me that Sir Walter Scott and Southey had warmly praised the "Memoirs" she published in 1823 of her husband's life. I recollect her opening the drawers of an Indian cabinet to show me among her treasures the packets of letters she had received from Southey in their correspondence, that lasted several years. Mrs. Bray was amongst the first to see the real interest attaching to folklore and all local superstitions, availing herself therein of what was romantic and picturesque for literary uses.

A name that must not be omitted in

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speaking of women's work in this decade is that of Madame Bodichon. When still Miss Leigh Smith, she began the movement which had for its object a change in the law affecting the property and earnings of married women. I used to meet Madame Bodichon at Miss Susan Durant's and elsewhere, and admired her earnestness in a cause with which all thoughtful women must sympathize.

I heard a speech from Lord Lyndhurst on this subject, in which he warmly advocated the better protection of the earnings of married women. I think this must have been almost the last time the veteran politician addressed the House of Lords. He was nearly ninety, but spoke with great energy and precision. The dignity of his appearance was somewhat marred by his wearing an auburn wig; his voice did not betray his age as

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much as that of Philpotts, Bishop of Exeter, who made a short speech in thin and rather tremulous tones. I was fortunate on this same occasion in also hearing Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, and the Marquis of Lansdowne.

Among the scientific gatherings of those days, whether it was Royal Institution lectures, British Association meetings, or in such private circles of society as in any way affected to be fashionably scientific, there was one face I was always seeing; it was a face that never looked a wrinkle older, and which I could fancy had never looked young. The owner of this ubiquitous, sub-acid face was Babbage. No man was more ready for conversation *in medias res*;—greetings and weather talk were taken as said; your observation might be pointless — his repartee came smart and sharp, with a ready click. Un-

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fortunately for himself, he was a man with a grievance—his calculating machine was never completed, though the patience of Government and his own private fortune had been heavily taxed. Both Mr. Babbage and Count Strzelecki were dining at Lady Murchison's, when the count observed that in China, where he had lately been travelling, they took great interest in the calculating machine, and particularly wanted to know if it could be put in the pocket.

"Tell them," replied Babbage, "that it is in every sense an out-of-pocket machine."

It was at this same dinner, if I remember rightly, that a sham apple, made of some hard substance, fell from the massive épergne in the centre of the table. It rolled towards me, and Mr. Babbage, arresting its course, presented it to our

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host, saying, "Sir Roderick, here comes an erratic boulder for you to classify."

Babbage had known Ada Byron from her childhood; he was much attached to her, and took special interest in the philosophical studies to which she devoted herself. After she became the wife of Lord Lovelace, she translated and published a memoir of General Menabrea on the elementary principles of the Analytical Engine, adding notes of her own, "which," said Babbage, "were a complete demonstration that the operations of analysis are capable of being executed by machinery." I remember his telling me that he hoped to leave behind him notes and diagrams sufficient to enable some future philosopher to carry out his idea of the analytical machine.

We are too much accustomed perhaps to connect Babbage's name only with his

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great failure—the incompleted calculating machine—but he did good work in his day; he was the first to relieve the student from "the cramped domain of ancient synthesis." Herschel and Peacock were associated with him in trying to introduce the new analytic methods of mathematical reasoning which had already obtained on the Continent. There is an amusing story told of the flutter produced by these proceedings among the dons of Cambridge.

It will be remembered that Newton used dots in certain symbols, while Leibnitz employed d's as a sign. Babbage proposed meetings for the propagation of the d's—consigning to perdition all those who supported the heresy of the dots. The joke was so little understood, that the bigwigs denounced the young philosophers as infidels. When they were

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about to publish a translation of Lacroix, it was necessary to decide on a title, and Babbage suggested that it should be "The Principles of pure D'ism, in opposition to the Dot-age of the University."

If Babbage, Wheatstone, Grove, Owen, Tyndall, and a host of other distinguished philosophers were to be met very generally in the society of the day, there was one man who was conspicuous by his absence—this was Faraday! His biographers say, that in earlier years, he would occasionally accept Lady Davy's invitations to dinner; but I never heard of his going elsewhere, except in obedience to the commands of royalty. I remember his shaking hands with me one evening, immediately after a lecture, in a hurried manner, and with an anxious look; before I could ask any questions he was gone, like one of his own electric flashes. Some

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one told me that Faraday was bidden to the Queen's ball!

One does not easily associate Faraday's name with the frivolities of life, but he had a wholesome liking for them—as a recreation, not as the whole duty of man. He records in his journal, written when in Rome, that he went to a masked ball at the time of the Carnival, with a lady, who knew all his acquaintance, and enjoyed himself immensely. He adds that he was attired in a nightgown and nightcap—garments, I presume, which did duty for a domino. The Carnival evidently afforded him great amusement, for he expatiates largely on it in his early letters and his diaries.

In later life, Faraday retained a taste for all scenic representation; the more curious in a man of his severely religious views. He could make very shrewd and

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searching criticisms on the actors of the day. In published letters from Faraday to Lady Burdett Coutts, he thanks her for sending them a box for the pantomime (of January, 1857), adding—

"We had your box once before, I remember, for a pantomime, which is always interesting to me, because of the immense concentration of means which it requires, . . . you are very kind to think of our pleasures for to-morrow night. . . . I mean to enjoy it, for I still have a sympathy for children, and all their thoughts and pleasures."

Just one hundred years ago,* the 22nd of September, Michael Faraday, the son of a blacksmith, was born in Jacob's Well Mews, near Manchester Square. In childhood, his "thoughts and pleasures" were minding a little baby sister, and playing

* Published in *Temple Bar*, 1891.

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marbles in the street. A few years pass, and Reiss, the German electrician, addresses a letter to the self-educated man—as Professor Michael Faraday—member of all Academies of Science. His centenary princes are pleased to commemorate, but when some one remarks on the honour done to science, the answer might be given in Faraday's own words, when he said, "I am not one who considers that science can be honoured."

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INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF A NATURALIST.

NATURE'S best-loved children, above all, those to whom she reveals her secrets, are seldom the favourites of Fortune. This was the case with Philip Gosse, the naturalist, who made his early experiences of life under the trials and troubles attendant upon genteel poverty The family tradition of "better days" could hardly do more than deepen, by contrast, the difficulties of his thrifty mother in making both ends meet, in the modest household where the future scientist spent his youth.

In the interesting biography of the

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naturalist,* lately given to the world by his son, Mr. Edmund Gosse, we are led to see how the untoward circumstances of poverty, and the drudgery of an uncongenial occupation, were alike surmounted and turned aside by the strong instinct of a powerful mind seeking its true vocation in life.

Philip Gosse was born at Worcester in 1810, but his family removed the following year to Poole, in Dorsetshire, where his father's sister, the mother of Thomas Bell, the zoologist, had long been established.

Poole was then in the full tide of its prosperity, owing to the Newfoundland fishing trade, which gave wealth to the Newmans, Slades, and other west country families. This trade declined after the

* "The Life of Philip Henry Gosse, F.R.S." By his son, Edmund Gosse, Hon. M.A. of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1890.

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fall of the first Napoleon, and has now become nearly extinct; but the town has found a new industry, in its export of potter's clay to Seville, Stockholm, and Dordt. In what are called "the good old days," this neighbourhood was the centre of extensive smuggling transactions, which had the effect of breeding up a daring and turbulent population. An old doggrel says—

"If Poole was a fish-pool, and the men of Poole fish,
There'd be a pool for the devil, and fish for his dish."

The so-called "free trade" in Dorsetshire was the more difficult to suppress, because it was winked at very considerably by many persons of good position. The writer remembers some old folks who felt a pride in telling how "Squire never troubled if the horses were taken out of the stable on a moonless night, and were found next morning with their fetlocks

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thick in mud, as if the devil himself had ridden them." Nor was it believed that the said justice of the peace asked any inconvenient questions about the keg of French brandy that was usually found after such occurrences, beneath the straw in a corner of the stable.

The traditions of Poole had, besides, a romantic record of buccaneering exploits; and during the Civil Wars the Puritan townsfolk distinguished themselves by defeating Lord Inchiquin and his Irish regiment, and capturing Prince Rupert's treasure, that was being despatched to Weymouth. In the beginning of this century, the political Puritanism of earlier times survived in the strong religious dogmatism of nonconformity, and it was this spirit that young Philip Gosse assimilated, in all its zealous intensity and in its intellectual limitations. Side by side with

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spiritual convictions that at times overshadowed his life, it is curious to trace the lad's growing devotion to natural history; with the instinct strong within him, he sought for teaching in the woods and streams, where at the bend of the river the water-lilies grew thickest, or on the wide heath, where the murmurous hum of insects made a music that he loved. In penury and disappointment, in days of hope and in hours of despair, this genuine love of Nature was the safeguard of his youth and the solace of his old age.

Ruskin somewhere remarks "on the benefits of a totally neglected education," and we may remember that Sir Humphry Davy attributed the peculiar application of his talents, in fact his success in life, to the circumstance of his being sent to a school where the master neglected his duties, and where he, as a child, was left

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very much to himself. Philip Gosse was another example of the advantages which some natures derive from the best process of education, that of self-teaching; one year at a grammar school at Blandford was all the serious instruction the lad ever received.

At fifteen, he began to make his own living as a junior clerk in a counting-house at Poole. Two years later, in 1827, young Gosse was drafted off, much against his own inclination, to a commercial house in Newfoundland. On the voyage out he quickly developed his rare faculty of observation—nothing escaped him; and he set himself the task of keeping an illustrated natural history journal. Whales spouting, petrels, boatswain birds, and the visits of the gorgeous Portuguese men-o'-war (*Physiala*) were all carefully noted down by the pencil of the eager observer, who made himself, in course of

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time, a most finished and accurate draughtsman. He had a hereditary right to this talent, for his father was a miniature painter.

Arriving at Carbonear, Philip Gosse settled down at once to his uncongenial office work, which only a strong sense of duty made endurable, through the weary eight years that he was destined to spend in Newfoundland. His love of animals, great and small, especially for anything curious, soon became known, and the good-tempered sailors, with whom he was acquainted, would bring him from time to time specimens of oddities that they met with in their voyages. He interested himself about the habits of the seal and other animals. Among his notes, there is a curious account of a regular game of play which the otters in this high latitude carry on amongst themselves.

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It chanced, during a foot journey that Gosse made, that an old trapper, who was acting as his guide, pointed out to him "the otter slides" on the steep slope of a bank.

"These slides were as smooth and slippery as glass, caused by the otters sliding on them in play in the following manner:—Several of these amusing creatures combine to select a suitable spot. Then each in succession lying flat on his belly, from the top of the bank slides swiftly down over the snow and plunges into the water. The others follow while he crawls up the bank at some distance, and running round to the sliding-place takes his turn again to perform the same evolution as before. The wet running from their bodies freezes on the surface of the slide, and so the snow becomes a smooth gutter of ice. This sport the old

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trapper had frequently seen continued with the utmost eagerness and with every demonstration of delight, for hours together."

In reference to the idea that set games are played by animals the writer may mention a curious incident, witnessed by the late Andrew Crosse, at his residence on the Quantock Hills. Looking one day from his laboratory window into a court-yard that was remote from any disturbance, he there saw a robin, dragging the apparently dead body of another robin, round and round in a circle, on the paved court. After continuing this strange proceeding several times, the mimic Achilles, with the corpse of the feathered Hector at his heels, stopped suddenly in his circuit round the fancied walls of Troy, and as suddenly threw himself on his back as if stark dead, with half-distended wings

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and rigid, upturned legs. Meanwhile the other robin, the seeming victim of a cruel triumph, woke up to full life, and seizing upon his companion, dragged him, in his turn, repeatedly round and round the mystic circle. The game ended, and both birds flew off together to the neighbouring trees.

During the earlier years of Philip Gosse's residence in Newfoundland, he had no settled plan in his natural history studies; he loved all things, both great and small, that appertained to the inferior creation, and a mere accident at length determined the nature of his researches. He chanced to be at an auction, where he had the opportunity of purchasing for ten shillings Adams' "Essays on the Microscope." The possession of this volume formed an epoch in his life; it had the effect of concentrating his interest on entomology, and finally

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leading him to microscopic zoology, the field of his most original and permanent contributions to science.

Newfoundland yielded but a poor harvest of butterflies, moths, and beetles—still there were some to be found, and with these he began his collection. Fortunately, about this time, after an absence of some years, he was enabled to take a summer holiday, returning for a few weeks to his home in dear old Dorsetshire. In describing a walk round the familiar haunts the day after his arrival, he says—

"I was brimful of happiness. The beautiful and luxuriant hedgerows; the mossy gnarled oaks; the fields; the flowers; the pretty warbling birds; the blue sky and bright sun; the dancing butterflies—it seemed to my enchanted senses, just come from dreary Newfoundland, that I was in Paradise. How I love

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to recall every little incident connected with that first morning's excursion!—the poor brown crane-fly, which was the first English insect I caught; the little grey moth under the oaks, at the end of the last field; the meadow where the *Satyridæ* were sporting on the sunny bank; the heavy fat *Musca* in Hechfordfield hedge, which I in my ignorance called a *Bombylius*, and the consequent display of entomological lore manifested all that day by the family, who frequently repeated the sounding words—'Bombylius bee-fly.'"

This bright glimpse of England, and the collecting possibilities, in hedgerows teeming with insect life, was to be of the briefest. The poor clerk had to return to his office work, and to the still more distasteful duty of counting the seal pelts, as the cargoes were discharged. In the midst of all this, Gosse kept up his practice

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of recording every fact connected with natural history; this included a meteorological journal. In 1833 he began to fill a volume with drawings of extreme accuracy, illustrating the entomology of the country. As some of the figures were magnified, he needed a microscope. He had brought back from Poole two lenses, which he contrived to mount in bone; this lens, neatly set in putty, was the only microscope he was able to procure for many years.

This interesting biography affords a curious picture of Newfoundland as it was socially half a century ago. Philip Goose had known from the time of his first settling there, that the Irish element was a thorn in the side of the law-abiding and loyal section of the colonists. But in the winter of 1833, the same year in which the naturalist had been adding 388

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species of insects to his collection, party spirit ran higher than it had ever done before. Protestants went in mortal fear, for the Irish everywhere vastly outnumbered them, and were striving to gain a monopoly of political power. The editor of *The Public Ledger*, a Protestant paper, had been advocating the colonial cause with much courage and ability, and for this he was greatly hated by the Irish, who revenged themselves in the following characteristic manner.

Mr. Henry Winton, the editor in question, was a young man of great spirit, and generally liked; and was, moreover, a friend of Gosse's, sharing in many of his religious views. Careless of danger, Winton was returning one night alone from Carbonear to Harbour Grace, after transacting business at the former place, when, as Gosse describes—

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"He was suddenly seized in a lonely spot by a set of fellows, who pinioned him, while one of their party cut off both his ears. This outrage created an immense sensation, and caused a sort of terror among the loyalists. A perfunctory inquiry was made, but the Irish influence prevented it from being carried far. It was soon known that the mutilation was the act of a Dr. Molley, a surgeon, of Carbonear, but he escaped all punishment."

The increasing ill-feeling of the Irish towards their fellow colonists made life more and more unpleasant for the English in Newfoundland. This fact, together with the growing conviction felt by Gosse that the commercial house with which he was connected was in itself less prosperous, and offered him no future, decided him to leave the colony and seek his fortune else-

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where. In the end he determined to throw in his chance with some friends, whose religious views were the same as his own, and who were going to try farming in Canada—so thither he went. It was summer, and at first he was delighted with the place where they settled, "on account of the profusion of butterflies." It has been said that the geology of a district is indicated by its entomology, but it is to be feared that Gosse thought little enough of the subsoil. He and his friend, Mr. Jacques, brought a surprising amount of ignorance to the work they had in hand. For three years they toiled and struggled against adverse circumstances, but the only success was the butterflies. In the intellectual isolation of this period of his life, Gosse was thrown more and more on the companionship of Nature. What had been a pastime became now the main

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resource and consolation of his mental activity. Nor were these years so barren of result as they seemed; the work of close observation, of unflagging industry in the pursuit of zoology, formed the basis of the labourer's future renown and achievement. The harvest of those years of apparent failure was reaped in 1840, when Gosse's first published volume, "The Canadian Naturalist," made its appearance. But even when his present outlook was depressing in the extreme, there were moments of enjoyment. If he sighed as a farmer, he rejoiced as a naturalist in the vivid life both of fauna and flora in the uncleared forests of Canada. In his home letters he describes the country as charming in the summer. With a touch of humour he says—

"You asked me if I had shot any turkeys or deer; you know not how good

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a shot I am. I have shot at a squirrel three times successively without doing him any 'bodily harm'—without even the satisfaction of the Irish sportsman who made the bird 'lave that, anyway'—for the squirrel would not leave the tree, but continued chattering and scolding me all the time."

By the spring of 1838, Gosse had so impoverished himself by farming, that in despair he sold off everything. Of course he realized far less than he expected; in fact, the result was deplorable. "He was now twenty-eight years of age, and he was not possessed, when all his property was sold, of so many pounds." He now resolved to go to Alabama; he had the idea of setting up there as a schoolmaster; anyhow, he would have the chance of looking upon the richer life and more varied vegetation of the sunny south. It

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was a wholly nebulous conception practically considered, but the instinct of the naturalist drew him thither, and he went.

Though sad of heart and empty in pocket, the world was full of interest to Gosse; even his passage from Philadelphia to Mobile, in the dirtiest of boats, with the most churlish of skippers, who hated him as a "Britisher," afforded him pleasure. When he entered the Gulf Stream, all discomforts were forgotten in the amusement of fishing up some of the Gulf-weed, which was covered with all manner of small creatures. Many of these, he says in his diary, he preserved for a while in sea-water to watch their motions and ways. This was probably the initial idea of the aquarium. In all his researches, Gosse preferred to investigate the problem of life in the lower forms of creation, and to study the habits of living creatures, rather than to accumu-

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late specimens for the closed cases of a museum.

The voyage in the dirty schooner had lasted four weeks, when, on turning a sandy cape covered with pine trees, the city of Mobile came into sight. Here Gosse made the last entry in his diary, written while afloat; it is sad enough. He writes—

"Drawing so near to the time on which hangs my fate, my means nearly exhausted, and uncertain what success I may meet with, I have been all day oppressed with that strange faintness, a sickness of heart, which always comes over me on the eve of any expected conjunction."

A fortunate accident, which reads almost like an incident in fiction, brought Gosse into communication with a fellow-passenger on board the river steamer in which he embarked after leaving Mobile. This fellow-passenger turned out to be the

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Honourable Chief-Justice Saffold, who was on his way to his estate at Dallas. By a happy coincidence, he was at the moment wanting a master for a school composed of his own sons, and the sons of some of his neighbour proprietors. Here was the very man he was seeking. Gosse had made a favourable impression on his chance acquaintance; the bargain was struck there and then, with the promptness peculiar to colonials. Within an hour, the steamer dropped Gosse and his luggage at the solitary landing-place nearest to Dallas: the Chief-Justice had business further up the river, so he left the new schoolmaster to find his way as best he could to the village of Mount Pleasant. After some comical experiences, he found lodgings in this place; but the school-house, a rough shanty of unhewn logs, was situated some way off in a romantic spot, a clearing in

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the forest with two noble oaks left for shade. The furniture was of split pine boards, unsawn and unplaned, and the boys were almost as rough as their surroundings; but they soon grew to be fond of their "strange, insect-collecting, animal-loving master," and before long formed themselves into a volunteer corps of collectors.

To the naturalist himself, it was like a transformation scene. To feel at rest, his daily bread assured, and to see himself surrounded by all the gorgeous luxuriance of a southern clime, after being so long a dweller in northern latitudes, was happiness in itself.

It is a curious fact, remarked by Gosse as well as others, that many wild animals forsake the interior recesses of the forest to approach the habitation of the gun-carrier, man.

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The writer has received personal assurance that the bears of the Tatra mountains, in Northern Hungary, will descend into the plain and cross the railway lines to feed in the fields of ripe maize. Their love of raspberries, too, is well known. On one occasion a bear intruded on a peasant woman, who was gathering this fruit on the slopes of the Tatra. She threw down the basket, and fled in haste. But bruin intended no personal violence; he made no attempt to follow her, but simply regaled himself with the contents of her basket.

In Alabama, Gosse remarked that squirrels mostly abounded on the confines of the cultivated districts. In that part of the world they are made into excellent pies; but they seemed willing to pay their tribute to the planter's table, as long as they could disport themselves in the cornfields. They carry on their depredations

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from the time the grain is forming in the sheath, till it is ripe to be housed, and they waste more than they eat.

While Philip Gosse was teaching the boys in the log-hut, and learning his own lessons from Nature in the wilds, this squirrel nuisance became acute. The mischief they did to the crops was very serious indeed, and all efforts at keeping them under proved unavailing; there was, in short, a perfect plague of squirrels. At this juncture, a fellow from the north sent round an announcement that he would give a lecture on an infallible preventive to the depredations of the squirrels. Planters eagerly assembled from all sides, and though a considerable entrance-fee was charged, the room was crowded, Gosse being among the number. The lecturer, who had a plausible manner, occupied some time in describing the mischief

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wrought by the squirrels, and the difficulty of coping with them. It required no lecturer to tell this to the unfortunate planters.

"At last, he approached the real kernel of his oration. 'You wish,' he said, 'to hear my infallible preventive, the absolute success of which I am able to guarantee. Gentlemen, I have observed that the squirrels invariably begin their attacks *on the outside row* of corn in the field. *Omit the outside row*, and they won't know where to begin!' The money was in his pocket; he bowed and vanished by the platform door; his horse was tied to a post, he leaped into the saddle and was seen no more in that credulous settlement. The act was one of extreme courage as well as impudence in that land of ready lynching; but after the first murmur of stupefaction and roar of anger, the dis-

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appointed audience dissolved into the most good-humoured laughter at themselves."

The laughter and good humour evinced on this occasion was by no means the characteristic of social life in Alabama, as Gosse himself was destined to discover. Before long he was made to feel, in spite of the easy hospitality that had, so to speak, given him a free pass into their midst, that if he did not in all things accept their ways and their institutions, he was but a stranger in the land—a stranger of suspicious political opinions, who dared to be critical, and must be suppressed. Even what they called his "British brogue" was an offence, for the planters spoke with another accent. He was frequently taunted with the prophecy, insisted on with rancorous feeling, that "America would shortly whip the British," and political discussion became impossible.

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But the greatest discomfort of his position arose from the horrors he was forced to witness in the punishments inflicted on the unhappy slaves, especially during the bustle of cotton-picking. The southerners were so jealous at that time of any foreign strictures upon their "domestic institution," that Gosse had reason to believe that his correspondence was examined to ascertain if he touched upon the question of slavery in his letters. In daily life, there was nothing for his righteous indignation but a heart-sickening silence. He records how—

"The shrieks of women under the cow-hide whip, cynically plied in the very courtyard beneath his windows at night, would make him almost sick with distress and impotent anger; he tried to stuff up his ears to deaden the sound of agonizing cries which marked the conventional pro-

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gress of this very peculiar 'domestic institution.'"

In the late autumn Gosse had an attack of malarial fever, which completely prostrated him for the time; and his employers, taking advantage of his illness as an excuse, superseded him in his post. This does not give one a very pleasant idea of the "southern gentlemen" on whom the English lavished a good deal of sympathy in the late war.

Philip Gosse now bade adieu to the New World, where his varied experiences had brought him little besides disappointment and failure. After a brief visit to Dorsetshire we find him, in the summer of 1839, in London, casting about for the means of subsistence. The sale of his natural history collections afforded him some aid, and fortunately he had preserved the manuscript of "The Canadian

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Naturalist." This was now his one and only chance; and after several vain attempts at preaching for absent ministers, and teaching flower-painting to young ladies, he resolved to show his manuscript to his cousin, Mr. Thomas Bell, whose work on the "British Quadrupeds," in 1837, had given him a considerable reputation as a naturalist. Contrary to Gosse's expectations—for he was utterly without hope or courage in this literary venture—his cousin was pleased with the work, and strongly recommended it to Mr. Van Voorst, the scientific publisher. This gentleman subsequently appointed a day for Gosse to call upon him.

"Meanwhile," says his biographer, "the shillings, nursed as they might be, were slipping, slipping away. The practice of going once a day to a small eating-house had to be abandoned, and instead of it,

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a herring was eaten as slowly as possible in the dingy attic. . . . At last the day broke on which Mr. Van Voorst's answer was to be given, and with as much of the gentleman about him as he could recover, the proud and starving author presented himself in Paternoster Row. He was no longer feeling any hope, but merely the extremity of dejection and disgust. The wish to be out again in the street with his miserable roll of manuscript in his hands, was the emotion uppermost in his mind. The publisher began slowly: 'I like your book; I shall be pleased to publish it; I will give you one hundred guineas for it.' One hundred guineas! It was Peru and half the Indies! The reaction was so violent, that the demure and ministerial-looking youth, closely buttoned up in his worn broadcloth, broke down utterly into hysterical

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sob upon sob, while Mr. Van Voorst, murmuring 'My dear young man! My dear young man!' hastened out to fetch wine, and minister to wants which it was beyond the power of pride to conceal any longer."

A very fair amount of success attended the publication of "The Canadian Naturalist," but as yet the author did not perceive that his true vocation was scientific literature. His morbid religious views often depressed and trammelled the free exercise of his mind; the sedentary life in a town invariably threw his thoughts inwards, with an injurious result upon his spiritual vision. He, like many another, needed an open-air life for the proper adjustment of his faculties; he was always at his best, intellectually, when seeking the truth from Nature at first hand.

Since his return to England, Gosse

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had been diligently pursuing the work of self-education, mainly in the direction of natural history; but so diffident was he, at first, that he could hardly be persuaded to undertake the writing of an "Introduction to Zoology," proposed to him by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. The preparation of these two volumes, for which he received £170, took Gosse very frequently to the British Museum, and led to his making many valuable acquaintances among other men of science. It was a wholly new and a very delightful sensation, this intellectual sympathy, which now warmed the reserved man into something like geniality with his fellows.

Hitherto, buffeted by Fortune, Nature had been his only friend—perhaps therein lay his strength. To Philip Gosse's honour it must be mentioned, that the first use

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he made of his improved finances was to offer a home to his aged parents: his father, a man who had always been hopelessly at odds with fortune, was now in his seventy-eighth year and a confirmed invalid. A modest dwelling was found in Kentish Town, with the advantage of a long garden behind, and beyond waste fields, stretching away to the north. One night Gosse had fastened a bull's-eye lantern to a tree, watching for night-moths, when he suddenly found himself "run in" by a couple of zealous constables, to whom he had some difficulty in explaining the fact that his strange occupation was entirely law-abiding.

In 1843 Gosse turned his attention to a new branch of natural history—the deep-sea fauna; and the result was the production of one of his most popular books, "The Ocean." While this was going

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through the press, he set off again on his travels; this time to Jamaica; going thither to collect objects, generally of zoological interest. He remained on the island eighteen months, a period of great refreshment of spirit, though he was disappointed in the insects, butterflies and moths being rare. In consequence of this, he turned his attention to the birds; and having by this time become a very fair shot, he had no trouble in making good his collection. During the tropical rains, he describes himself as hard at work; drying and packing his plants, preparing his birds, wrapping up his orchids, cleansing his shells, and packing them generally for transmission to his sale agent in London. Gosse's description of riding off before daybreak into the forest is infectious in its enthusiasm; and we are made partakers in his deep joy at the glowing tints

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of dawn, which chase the shadows from the mountain side, and awake all that abounding gladness of life which hails the brightness of a tropical sun.

He was accompanied in these expeditions by a negro lad named "Sam," whose intelligence became so developed during his few months of service, that he could be trusted to make collecting expeditions by himself, and he succeeded in procuring not a few unique specimens. His memory with respect to species was remarkable.

"Often and often," says Mr. Gosse, "when a thing has appeared to me new, I have appealed to Sam, who on a moment's examination would reply, 'No, we took this, in such a place, or on such a day;' and I invariably found on my return home that his memory was correct."

To the naturalist's regret, the time had

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now arrived for him to leave Jamaica, and in August, 1846, he took his passage in a homeward-bound steamer. The vessel stopped for a few hours at San Juan, Porto Rico, and the passengers availed themselves of the opportunity of seeing the town. With the exception of Gosse, the whole party visited the cathedral; but it was characteristic of this strangely prejudiced and intolerant man, that he would never under any consideration enter what he called "a Popish Mass-house." Still more curious was the fact that, though a great lover of poetry, even including Byron, who in youth had first fired his love of literature, yet he would never read Shakespeare, because he was a playwright. Southey he liked, for, as he said, "He was the best naturalist among the English poets," and had described sea-anemones like a zoologist

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in "Thalaba." A further instance of the limitations imposed by the narrowness of Gosse's creed occurs in one of his unpublished letters of a later date. His correspondent had probably referred to Tennyson's "Holy Grail," and remarked on the poetic influence of this "solemn and weighty legend."

"To me," writes Mr. Gosse in his indignant reply, "the 'Holy Grail' is a solemn and weighty crime, resting on ages of deepest darkness and blackest evil that ever were, for they were the ages of unchallenged dominion of Anti-Christ. This San grail is but an abbreviate form of sang real, 'the real blood.' The whole superstition rested on and embodied the abomination of transubstantiation — the great diabolic engine by which the Papacy has maintained its dreadful dominion."

Fortunately for his own fame and the

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general good, the necessity at this period of earning his daily bread hindered Gosse from spending his militant efforts in driving non-elect souls from the errors of the Papacy. He returned from Jamaica to find himself in the full swing of successful scientific and literary work. The publication of his "Naturalist's Sojourn in Jamaica," and his "Birds of Jamaica," added greatly to his reputation. Gosse may now be said to have found his true vocation in life, which was no other than the popularization of science. It is familiar enough in our day, but he was the first who sent the learned and the unlearned to spend delightful hours on the seashore, and, as some one said, "invented a new pleasure" in the marine aquarium, which owed its complete realization to his ingenuity in applying the simple use of Nature's own laws. The idea of main-

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taining the balance between animal and vegetable life on chemical principles was not by any means new. At the meeting of the British Association in 1833, Daubeny read a suggestive paper on the action of light upon plants: he proved that light is a specific stimulus, keeping alive those functions from which the *assimilation of carbon* and the evolution of oxygen result. In truth this mother-thought, together with Priestley's earlier experiments on the emission of oxygen gas by plants, was unknown to Gosse when he began his independent researches. As a matter of fact, the idea of the aquarium formulated itself in his mind while he was investigating, by aid of the microscope, certain of the lower forms of life, notably the *rotifers*, those curiously conditioned wheel animalcules, which henceforth came his specialty, and formed

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his most important and original work in science. The time when Gosse became one of Nature's ablest interpreters to the uninitiated was, so to speak, the parting of the ways in respect to research; something of romance and wonderment, like a halo formed of the morning mist, still surrounded natural science, but henceforth the objects of research were to be divided and subdivided into well-defined limitations. The naturalist who bids us view a whole world of complex beauty and varied interest, no more exists; but we have instead a host of specialists—there are mammologists, molluscologists, and ichthyologists—and a man must now devote himself to a restricted division of labour, and peg away for half a lifetime at spiders or sponges.

While working heartily and profitably at his profession, Philip Gosse had wisely

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taken unto himself a wife, a lady who not only shared his religious convictions, but whose talents and culture enabled her to assist him in his task of translating Ehrenberg's important work on the influence of fossil infusoria in building up the great globe itself. This happy marriage had taken place in 1848; a subsequent event is thus characteristically marked in the naturalist's diary:—"E. delivered of a son. Received green swallow from Jamaica." Both entries proved of permanent interest; the "son" has given to the world one of the most delightful biographies of our day in this life of his father, and the "green swallow" reposes in perennial beauty behind a glass case in the South Kensington Museum.

After a long spell of hard work in London, Gosse's health compelled him, in 1852, to seek again the open-air life that

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was necessary to his well-being. The results of his visits to Babbicombe and Ilfracombe were given in the charming volume, fragrant of tonic breezes, "A Naturalist's Rambles on the Devonshire Coast." Not only is "beauty enregistered in every nook" of woodland mystery, but it is to be found, so he tells us, in many a pool left by the receding tide, where in the clear crystal may be seen the puckered fronds of the oar-weed, drooping beside the corolla-like crown of tentacles which form the feelers of some brilliant sea-anemone.

On one of his lonely rambles, Gosse came upon a large water-filled cavity in the rock, but which was too deep to be easily examined. Without a moment's hesitation the eager sportsman stripped as for a bath, and plunged into the cool reservoir. He was rewarded by finding "a madrepore of refulgent orange colour,

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which proved to be the *Balanophyllia*, a fossil coral, whose existence with an actinia-like body of richly coloured living flesh had never been suspected."

Gosse's researches at this period led to a redistribution of genera, and the naming of many new species of British sea-anemones. As an accurate and careful observer, he stands almost unrivalled among his fellow-workers; and it is an interesting fact that Dr. Herdman's recent biological researches on the *Adamsia palliata*—that curious anemone which strikes up a partnership with the hermit crab—have confirmed Mr. Gosse's original observations on these strange fellow-lodgers in the shell-house of the defunct whelk—observations made forty years earlier.

The widespread interest, indeed excitement, caused by the setting up of the splendid Aquarium in the Zoological

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Gardens, is within the recollection of many of the less youthful among us. It afforded an excellent field for observing the habits of those curious and often beautiful creatures who inhabit the caves of ocean, and who would otherwise have remained unknown to us. As we are all aware, the Aquarium became the fashion of the day. It was quite the exception for a drawing-room to be without its ornamental tank of marine creatures. Leech gave some delightful sketches in *Punch* on the fancy of the hour. Amongst them we may recall a "terrific accident," which was nothing less than the bursting of "Mrs. Twaddle's Aqua-Vivarium;" the water has deluged the carpet, and the lively crabs and livelier eels are scuttling about everywhere; and with petticoats tucked up out of the wet, the old lady is vainly trying to catch the eel with the tongs! In another skit, Leech

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gives a very comical view of ladies young and old—at low water—stooping about in search of curios, and taking no thought of their ankles.

But, seriously speaking, the sea-dredging was a most exciting occupation, for it became a matter of business with Gosse in 1853, when the Zoological Gardens expected a daily "bag" from their purveyor of living curiosities. With this object in view, he stayed a long while at Weymouth, always sailing with an old fisherman, named Jonas Fowler, who delighted to the end of his life to talk of how "me and Mr. Gosse went out dredging in the bay." He had re-christened his boat, calling it the "Turritella," "just to astonish the fishermen, you know, sir." Mr. Gosse describes how Fowler became quite learned in the crackjaw nomenclature. He would say—

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"Now, sir, if you do want a *gastrochæna*, I can just put down your dredge upon a lot o' 'em. I'm in hopes we shall have a good *cribella* or two off this bank, if we don't get choked up with them 'ere *ophiocomes*."

About this time, his friend Charles Kingsley had been urging Gosse to try Clovelly, and the latter replies—

"How pleasant it would be to have such a companion as yourself in the investigation of these prolific shores. I have sent up to London, this summer, nearly four thousand living animals and plants. Of course, many rarities and some novelties have occurred in such an amount of dredging and trawling as this involved."

Kingsley's review, in the *North British*, of Gosse's extremely popular and often-quoted work, "The Aquarium," was memorable for the fact of the review being

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subsequently enlarged into that charming little volume familiar to us as "Glaucus; or, The Wonders of the Shore."

Bowerbank had told Gosse that he would find "Tenby the prince of places for a naturalist," and thither the latter went in the summer of 1854. From this place he wrote some pleasant letters to Kingsley, descriptive of his "anemonizing" exploits, and of his delight at finding the beautiful caves of St. Margaret's Island, with their "rugged walls and floor studded with the full-blown blossoms of those lovely animal flowers." The volume called "Tenby," which forms the record of this visit, exhibits, perhaps, some little evidence of spent enthusiasm. The confidential simplicity of the style invoked from the *Saturday Review* a friendly laugh on "Mr. Gosse's air of taking us upon his knee, like a grandpapa."

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The naturalist, whose seaside rambles had hitherto been shared by his wife, was destined to be again thrown on himself, and to be bereft in losing her of all intimate companionship. By her early and lamented death, he lost—to quote Lowell's words—

> "The fireside sweetnesses—the heavenward lift,
> The hourly mercies of a woman's soul."

Depressed in spirits, physically unhinged, and perhaps somewhat mentally exhausted by the untiring labours of the last few years, there now returned upon Gosse the morbid religious despondency that formed the background of his singular nature. In these times of depression nothing relieved him so much as to take up the cudgels of controversy, and belabour the devil and his followers, the non-converted, without mercy. He held the Law and the Prophets, like bloodhounds in a leash, to let loose on unbelievers. In these

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preaching days, the intolerance of his creed elated his soul into a state of infallibility, that sustained him through the rest of his life. He had joined the sect of Plymouth Brethren—but he was his own Pope, no "dear brothe " venturing as much as to stand on the steps of his throne. Many of these characteristics—a really curious study in psychology—are gathered from his unpublished letters; and, moreover, the following incident, laughable enough in its way, does not appear in Philip Gosse's biography. His horror of the festival of Christmas sometimes took a grotesque form. Like the Puritans of the seventeenth century, he fought with turkeys and with geese. "Christmas plum-pudding," however, was the most hateful of all these Yule-tide idols. The first winter that his little son and he spent alone at St. Marychurch saw, so I have been told,

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an amusing instance of Mr. Gosse's unflinching firmness. No difference, as a matter of course, was made in the repast of which father and son partook on Christmas Day, but the servants were less austere. They made in secret a plum-pudding for themselves, and, what was worse, they presently lured the little boy out of the parlour to eat a slice. Scarcely was the delicacy down his gullet, than conscience began to work. He had "eaten of the accursed thing," and with tears in his eyes he went to confess what he had done. Mr. Gosse sprang to his feet; leading the child by the hand, he rushed like a whirlwind into the kitchen, found the guilty remainder of the plum-pudding on the table, snatched it away into the back garden, and, in the presence of his awe-stricken child, solemnly hewed it in pieces with a bill-hook, and scattered the crumbs over the dustbin. It

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is curious that his own sense of humour had not preserved him from perpetrating this piece of folly, for humour he had; and I do not think his biographer has quite done him justice in this respect.

In the letters before referred to—letters written to the members of his family—there are repeated gleams and flashes of a very human sense of humour. For illustration, the phrases and allusions are difficult to separate from their context; but the native gold shines here and there in the stony matrix of his pompous intolerance.

It is curious to note the mixture, in the selfsame letter, of sound worldly wisdom, of literary acumen, together with an expression of the strongest belief in the approaching realization of apocalyptic prophecy—even to the conviction that the saints, few enough in number, would be caught up to the Lord, leaving the world

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to a period of unexampled horrors. Then reverting to mundane things, he says quite cheerfully, "Let me wish you joy of your black letter find; to you, I dare say, black letters are as charming as sea-slugs to me." On one occasion his son, still a mere lad, had evidently asked for funds wherewith to make some addition to his wardrobe, in view of a visit to a person of some importance. His father writes—

"You remind me of canny King James's appeal, when he asked the Earl of Mar to lend him a pair of silk stockings, in which to receive the French Ambassador—'for ye wad na that your king should appear as a scrub afore the stranger.'"

The biography, which is full of interesting side-lights on the thought and science of the time, mentions the fact that, in 1857, Gosse was assisting Darwin in his researches on the distribution of sea-animal-

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cules—a matter involving "enormous conclusions," as the evolutionist remarked. The letters of Darwin to his fellow-worker are replete with interest; they show his manner of dealing with the apparently insignificant lower forms of life, which under his classification revealed the potentiality of Nature's hidden laws. Gosse, on the other hand, though so accurate an observer that it was wellnigh impossible for any differential minutiæ to escape him, was not given to philosophize, in the highest meaning of the term—his theory of the Universe being strictly Biblical, in all literal acceptation.

The Welsh Triades give three primary requisites of genius. Gosse had the first and the second: he had "an eye that could see Nature," and he had "a heart that could feel Nature;" but he lacked "the boldness that dares follow Nature."

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"EŌTHEN" KINGLAKE.

"YES, I had heard of Kinglake's chivalrous goings on," writes Mr. Kenyon to Andrew Crosse under date October 31, 1854. "We were saying yesterday that though he might write a book, he was among the last men to go that he might write a book. And a friend of his added, 'he is wild about matters military, if so calm a man is ever wild.' We all hope that he may come home unscathed; that no ill-natured fellow may say, 'Serve him right for going at all.'"

Kinglake was in the Crimea at the above date. He was with Lord Raglan's

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staff at the storming of the heights of Alma. The first sensation of being in battle he likened to the excitement of fox-hunting; but in far other terms he described to me the night scene, when the din and turmoil of the fight was over. He was amongst those who carried succour to the wounded—succour to friend and foe alike—on the dead-encumbered field, where many a ghastly sight was seen under the waving lanterns borne by the searchers.

Kinglake's interest in military matters was indeed very genuine; it was a great disappointment to him in life that his extreme shortness of sight rendered him physically unfit for the profession which of all others he would have preferred. In the daily routine of conventional existence his nature became somnolent; it was probably the unconscious effort to escape from

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this deadening influence that sent him in early life to encounter the dangers and difficulties of Eastern travel, and again at intervals to Algeria and to the Crimea, that the blast of trumpets and the roll of drums might stir to action the frost-bound volcano of the soul within him.

Mr. Kinglake's defective sight may in some degree be held responsible for the shyness and formality of his manners in general society. In person he was short and slight, with finely chiselled features and an intellectual brow; he had a singularly bloodless complexion, not the pallor of ill-health, but rather the grey whiteness of a two-thousand-years-old Greek bust. His cold, impressive manner, his slowness of speech, and gentle voice, were strangely at variance with the biting sarcasms that at times fell from his lips. But his pen was always more virulent than his spoken word.

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His hatred of wrong-doers was expressed with so much elaboration and reiteration that the tirade occasionally lost somewhat of the genuine force of spontaneity. In his happiest moods of table talk, Kinglake would poise his epigrams with extraordinary deliberation. His wit had the charm of all true wit—unexpectedness; you felt that he said what no one else would ever have thought of saying; therein was the quintessence of its flavour, a manner of thought and expression not to be imitated or parodied. His wit was not of the humorous kind to raise a general laugh, barely a smile. I remember Mr. Knox saying that at a dinner-party where you met Kinglake, you generally came away with the impression that the best thing of the evening had been said by him. He was often at his best when two or three were gathered together, or long

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ago at his mother's dinner-table, when the world was younger, and before Louis Napoleon had found his chronicler.

Kinglake was only an intermittent talker in general society, for—rare habit even among the wisest of us—he never spoke unless he had something to say. Ye gods, what golden silence there would be if this were an abiding law in our hearts! Crabb Robinson averred that Kinglake sometimes slept for a brief space, when his interest in the conversation flagged, much as he himself describes ministers doing at the celebrated Cabinet Council where peace and war were in the balance.

Mr. Grote was once heard to remark "that for a person of his reputation, Mr. Kinglake was the dullest man that he had ever met at a dinner-party." But then, as Sydney Smith said, "Mr. Grote was so ladylike." He was in fact, in his measured,

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courteous manner, the very type of that "utter respectability" which is railed against as soul-deadening and anti-pathetic to the natural man in the pages of "Eōthen." Kinglake, encased in his own formality, would doubtless have warmed towards "the gentlemanlike Mrs. Grote," who, with her robust language and trenchant remarks, never lost time over euphemisms, or cared to call a spade by any other name. Kinglake, by force of contrast, liked dash and vigour in a talking companion; he declared that his heart stopped if he was bored. A lady friend of his suggested that his pulse should be felt at dinner after the second *entrée*, and if not satisfactory he should be allowed to change places.

Kinglake was certainly not in a state of boredom when he shrewdly observed, in speaking of the sage of Chelsea, whom he

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did not love, "Carlyle talks like Jeremiah; but so far from being a prophet, he is a bad Scotch joker," adding, "I believe he knows himself to be a windbag." Kinglake was not in sympathy with German modes of thought; his early prejudice against everything Teutonic was very marked. He went so far as to say that he did not believe in any one succeeding in life who took up strongly with the German language or its literature. Though far from being a typical Englishman, he had some amusing insular prejudices. One of the few canons of his creed was—at least, he averred it was—a belief that if a Frenchman behaved well, he would be rewarded by finding himself born an Englishman in a future life; and *vice versâ*, a badly conducted Britisher would be degraded into becoming French in his secondary stage of existence.

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In describing "Marshal St. Arnaud, formerly Le Roy," Kinglake says he was the impersonation of what our forefathers had in their minds when they spoke of "a Frenchman;" then follows, as every one will remember, the pitiless dissection of a character whose nearest approach to virtue was personal daring and unscrupulous ambition. Kinglake's bitter animosity against this soldier of France may be explained by the fact that he had been with St. Arnaud in Algiers; had ridden with him in fellowship across the desert when the French forces were sent to punish the revolted tribes. The Englishman had cordially admired the handsome colonel, with his charming manner and eager style of speech, little thinking that beneath that gay exterior and light-hearted vanity there lay concealed, in grave secrecy, the hellish

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purpose that doomed five hundred fugitives to a hideous death in the cave of Shelas. St. Arnaud's letters to his brother describes the event with unparalleled cynicism. He says—

"I had all the apertures" (of the cave) "hermetically stopped up. I made one vast sepulchre. No one knew but myself that there were five hundred brigands therein. Brother, no one is so good as I am by taste and nature. . . . I have done my duty as a commander, and to-morrow I would do the same again."

The disgust and horror excited by this foul deed, executed in secrecy and cold blood, in close proximity to where he stood, as he (Kinglake) thought, on the field of a fair fight, made a deep and lasting impression on him; in truth, it must be allowed to be the key-note of his detestation of the "brethren of the Élysée."

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Whether the time and manner of Kinglake's unsparing attack on the Emperor of the French was well chosen or in good taste under the circumstances, may be questioned. Louis Napoleon is reported to have said on reading the volumes, in reference to the attack on himself, "*c'est ignoble.*" History has had her final word since then—and scored for Kinglake.

The *quid nunes* who are always suspecting the "eternal feminine," declared that the historian had a grievance against Prince Louis that made his hatred a very personal matter indeed. Kinglake liked the society of clever women; the illogical vivacity of the female mind amused and excited him. He was capable of very sedate friendships with the other sex; his lifelong regard for Mrs. Procter is an instance. After his return from the East he read with her husband for the Chancery

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Bar; and in this way became acquainted with one of the cleverest, and at the same time one of the most sarcastic, women in London society. It was believed amongst his associates that Mrs. Procter was "Our Lady of Bitterness," alluded to in the preface to "Eōthen." This preface, by the way, unlike most things of the kind, is excellent reading. Kinglake felt and believed in female influence; he used to say, "Men will never be made really religious till the Church establishes an order of Priestesses. Women have their spiritual pastors; a man should have his priestess—his Egēria."

On being asked why he had never married, certainly being no woman-hater, he replied, "Because he had observed that wives always preferred other men to their own husbands." Kinglake was chivalrous about ideal men and women;

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his imagination revelled in a picturesque glamour of things; but his fastidious nature would never have borne with equanimity the inevitable rubs of life in double harness.

Kinglake's fastidiousness moulded his manner into its ultimate form of literary presentment. His letters generally were wanting in the characteristic brilliancy of style that marked his finished work. Some men's letters, on the contrary, in their freshness and freedom, are better reading than their more laboured productions. The proof-sheets of some portions of the "Invasion of the Crimea" were a perfect marvel of elaborate and careful finish. The corrections and interpolations were endless. The writer was evidently a severe critic of his own work. The balance of a sentence was very often re-arranged, and other words and phrases

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substituted for those that stood in the first reading. The corrections were done with such consummate skill that you came to see it would not be possible to find language more lucid or more appropriate than that of the final form adopted by Kinglake to express what he had to say. In dealing with the matter in hand, he was certainly too discursive. Sir George Cornewall Lewis objected to his style, saying, "Kinglake tries to write better than he can write."

Few books have ever created a greater sensation at the time than the early volumes of Kinglake's "Crimea." In my note-book of that period I find records of the most diverse views respecting his attack on the Emperor of the French. In Vienna the *Botschafter* and other papers were extravagantly eulogistic. Louis Blanc, whom I met at Miss Frederica Rowan's,

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observed that "his abuse of the emperor was precisely of the kind most calculated to injure their sovereign in the eyes of Frenchmen." Except as a nine days' wonder, the book appears to have produced surprisingly little effect in France. Ambition digs its own pitfall! At a dinner at the Percys', where I met Mr. Samuel Lucas, a well-known writer on literary subjects in the *Times*, Kinglake's book was the one topic of conversation. Mr. Lucas considered the work "perverse and mischievous." The editor of the *Westminster Review* remarked that it was "reactionary with respect to our foreign policy." A Liberal politician of light and leading who was present could hardly find words strong enough to express his admiration of the celebrated fourteenth chapter; and others agreed with him.

But with all its elaboration, perhaps

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over-elaboration of style, there is nothing in the "History" which can at all compete with the charm of that single volume of travel which made Kinglake's reputation.

"Eōthen" is a chapter of autobiography written in the happiest vein of humorous self-portraiture. Who can forget the incident, as Kinglake describes it, of his meeting in the desert an Englishman with his cavalcade?

"As we approached each other," he says, "it became a question whether we should speak; I thought it likely that the stranger would accost me, and in the event of his doing so, I was quite ready to be as sociable and chatty as I could be according to my nature; but still I could not think of anything particular that I had to say to him. Of course, among civilized people the not having anything to say is no excuse at all for not speaking; but I

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was shy and indolent, and I felt no great wish to stop and talk, like a morning visitor, in the midst of these broad solitudes. The traveller perhaps felt as I did, for, except that we lifted our hands to our caps and waved our arms in courtesy, we passed each other as if we had passed in Bond Street."

Some one (it was an enemy who said this thing) wished no better sport than to see Kinglake interviewed by a Yankee journalist; however, like the Duke of Wellington, when asked if he was surprised at Waterloo, he would doubtless have been equal to the occasion. It is true Kinglake hated being put to the question. He gave up visiting at a very pleasant house solely because, as he said, he no sooner made his appearance than father, mother, and daughters bombarded him with questions. It was like being

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put into a witness-box; and he added, "that he felt sure, when he left the house, that he had in some way perjured himself." He gave up some other acquaintances in consequence of their having a man-servant who invariably announced the guests in a stentorian voice. No one heeded the entrance of Mr. John Jones or Lady Brown, nor did the herald himself take much account of them, but he knew his master's lions, and their names resounded through the apartment. It was the dislike that Kinglake had to hearing his name given out before a crowd that led him to go early to parties; he was generally the first guest to arrive at a dinner. He told the following story of himself very amusingly. He had been invited to dine with Mrs. Sartoris soon after her marriage, and before he had made the acquaintance of his friend's

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husband. When he entered the drawing-room—arriving early as usual—he found only his host, who, by the way, had the reputation of being a very silent man. Mr. Sartoris bowed courteously, and by a wave of the hand indicated that his guest should be seated. Then the two sat on either side of the fire-place without speaking.

"After a few moments," said Kinglake, "it became a duel of silence between us. The contest was so equally maintained that neither of us spoke during the ten minutes that elapsed before the lady of the house appeared and introduced us."

Kinglake was rather amusing on the subject of Miss Martineau's deafness; he remarked that it was no drawback in her case, for she talked so unceasingly that she never had any occasion to hear what others said. The following is an instance

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of the humorous turn he could give to a very prosaic incident. It chanced that a few Somersetshire friends were talking over the case of a clergyman in the west who was under the grave suspicion of conducting himself improperly towards a female member of his congregation. Parties were divided, and some of his parishioners, wishing to show that they believed he had been cruelly maligned, made a subscription and presented him with a silver inkstand. "Yes, I see," said Kinglake, drily; "the parish has presented their rector with a piece of plate for not seducing his clerk's daughter."

Among the thousand and one amusing things in "Eōthen" is his account of the disillusion that would overtake the man who sought to adopt the life of an Arab for the sake of the seclusion; as a fact, the inmates of the tents are crammed together.

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"You would find yourself," he says, "in perpetual contact with a mass of hot fellow-creatures. It is true that all who are inmates of the same tent are related to each other, but I am not quite sure that that circumstance adds much to the charm of such a life. At all events, before you finally determine to become an Arab, try a gentle experiment—take one of those small, shabby houses in Mayfair, and shut yourself up in it with forty or fifty shrill cousins for a couple of weeks in July."

One is irresistibly reminded of Sydney Smith's humorous complaint, when, writing to a friend, he says, "Our house is full of cousins; I wish they were all first cousins —once removed."

Speaking of Somersetshire, no man could be more free from any sentimental partiality for the county of his birth than

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Kinglake. His friends and his interests were elsewhere. His distaste for local associations in the west was increased by the fact of his being unseated for the borough of Bridgwater in 1868, for alleged bribery on the part of his agents. It was a great and an abiding mortification to him; he spoke of himself afterwards as "a political corpse." His ambition certainly was for political rather than literary distinction. Of science he had little or no knowledge—he belonged to a pre-scientific age. Kinglake once spoke of himself as "little bookish by nature," and certainly his very genuine enthusiasm for classic scenes was not the result of the Greek instilled into his unwilling mind by the pedagogue who ruled over the "dismal days" of his schoolboy life. It was at his mother's knee in childhood, when Pope's "Translation" was given him,

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instead of "Watts' Hymns and the Collects of the Day," that he learnt "to love old Homer and all that Homer sung." The enthusiasm thus associated with her teaching was as abiding as his love for her. Every feeling that was the truest in his nature—a nature not prone to responsive trust—was centred in his mother; his faith in her was all in all. It does not need the far-away record of memory to prove this; the readers of "Eōthen" will find for themselves this one true touch of pathos underlying the brilliant cynicism that characterizes the volume.

In speaking of his travels, at a time when the recollection was not yet too remote, Kinglake would on rare occasions give in a few vivid words the description of a picturesque incident in a manner impossible to reproduce, but which remained stamped with the seal of genius on

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the listener's memory. Sometimes it was an account of the landing near Abydos after a glorious sail through classic Hellespont; the wild ride that brought them within sight of the tomb of Achilles; and the keen starlight that canopied their bivouac on the banks of the Scamander. He made you feel the rapture that kindled his own nature when, at length standing on the plains of Troy, the beautiful story lost its fabulous character and assumed the proportions of reality. Then he felt enabled to identify in a manner satisfactory to his own mind the site of the far-famed city which had been the concrete vision of his childhood.

In another mood the traveller has been known to recall the unwonted sentiment of reverence that subdued his spirit when the end of a long day's ride brought him among the hills of beautiful Galilee; and

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when, within sight of Nazareth, he saw the sun go down in solemn splendour.

A man can better face the prosaic limitation, the tedious conventionality of our indoor, plodding life in the West after he has steeped his soul in the glamour of the Orient. Something of this may have led Kinglake to take his pleasure in the East, "to fortify himself," as he said, "for the business of life." Some of his early friends found it difficult to understand what motive could impel a man of his temperament to undertake so toilsome and so dangerous a journey; for in his day the impediments and risks of travel had to be taken into account. The desire did not arise, it is true, from any special orthodox reverence for the "Holy Places," for Gibbon might have been his sponsor in all matters of faith.

Half a century and more has passed

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since this Eastern journey took place. It is needless to say how much is changed. It was early in July, 1834, that Kinglake gave his college friend Lord Pollington * a rendezvous at Hamburg. The route the fellow-travellers took was *viâ* Berlin, Dresden, Prague, Vienna. From the latter place they went down the Danube to Semlin. Prince Demidoff, in his "Travels" in 1830, alludes to the recent introduction of steamboats on the river, and declares that "in making the Danube one of the great commercial highways of the world, steam has united the East with the West." But Nature had placed the iron gates of the Danube in the way of this consummation.

When Kinglake arrived at Semlin, the frontier town of Turkey, Belgrade, frowned

* He succeeded his father as Earl of Mexborough in 1860.

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upon him from the other side of the Save. On entering this fortress, it was to commit himself to a plague-suspected country, with "wheel-going Europe" left behind. And now he was to see with his own eyes "the splendour and the havoc of the East."

The romance of travel belongs to the past. The traveller to-day, instead of starting from Belgrade on horseback, with a retinue of dragomen and tatars armed to the teeth, leaves his hotel in an omnibus, and departs from the railway station armed only with a Cook's ticket: leaving at 9.30 a.m., say, on Tuesday morning, and he is due at Constantinople at four o'clock on the afternoon of the next day. So passes away the glory of travel.

It took Kinglake fifteen days to accomplish the ride of eight hundred and fifty miles from Belgrade to Constantinople; he was delayed somewhat by the illness

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of his friend, but not long, for there was no hospitality to be obtained *en route* for a sick man, who by token of his sickness fell under the terrible suspicion of being plague-stricken. Our travellers journeying through the majestic forests of Servia, "rousing the eagles of the Balkans" in the pass of Sapoli, and toiling on from thence to Philippopolis and Adrianople, trod in the very steps of the first Crusaders. The iron road of to-day does not deviate very far from the same line of march.

By a curious coincidence the future historian of our war with Russia arrived at Smyrna in November, 1834, to find the chief object of interest just then was the presence of the English fleet, which was there for the purpose of supporting the negotiations of the British Cabinet. Writing at the time, Kinglake says "the fleet consisted of eight sail of the line, with a

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proportionate number of frigates, one of which was a steamer."

At Smyrna the fellow-travellers parted company, for Lord Pollington's health required him to winter at Corfu. Kinglake, regretting the scholarly friend whose excellent memory had supplied a text for every classic site, was now condemned to pursue his way alone. Perhaps it was as well, for Kinglake, more than most men, required solitude and time for incubating his ideas and impressions.

His Eastern tour, in point of time, extended beyond its original limits, owing in great part to the serious outbreak of the plague in Egypt, where he was detained. He was absent altogether more than fifteen months, and did not return to England till October, 1835.

The records of his travels did not appear in print till 1844, and then not till the

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manuscript had been rejected by some of the leading publishers. From the moment that his book made him famous, Kinglake's intimate friends delighted in calling him "Eōthen." Among such as survive, the name applied personally is familiar enough, and serves to recall, not without a sense of regret, the brilliant promise of Kinglake's manhood—a promise not wholly redeemed by his career either at the Bar or in Parliament, or even by the literary work that occupied the last thirty years of his life.

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ALEXANDER KNOX AND HIS FRIENDS.

TRELAWNY, in his "Recollections of Shelley and Byron," relates that while they were together at Pisa, he, on one occasion, accompanied Mrs. Shelley to the grand-duke's woods, where a meeting was arranged with her husband, who had gone thither alone at early dawn. They wandered about for a considerable time without finding the poet, and at last Mrs. Shelley, weary with walking, seated herself under the shade of the pine trees, leaving Trelawny to pursue his search alone. Knowing Shelley's fondness for water, his

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friend sought for him along the lonely shore, where the view opens so finely on the Gulf of Spezzia, but he was nowhere to be seen. Trelawny now struck into the thickest part of the gloomy forest, with some anxiety, for Shelley's absence had been unusually prolonged, and "the careless, not to say impatient way in which the poet bore his burden of life, caused a vague dread amongst his friends that he might lose or cast it away at any moment."

When I met Trelawny, as I did by special invitation, at the Novelli's in 1870, I referred to this incident in his book as strikingly characteristic and interesting. The remark seemed to touch the chord of memory, and the picturesque old man—"The Pirate," as Shelley called him long ago—threw back his shaggy head, and retold, in tones and words that vibrate still in my ear, the story of his finding Shelley.

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Some peasant had indicated where "l'Inglese malincolico" was likely to be. Trelawny hurried on, so he said, and found the poet seated on a fallen tree by a lonely pool of water, on which the sunlight streamed down—the only bright spot in the encircling gloom of the forest. Trelawny's spoken description of the incident was too discursive to reproduce, but referring to the volume of "Recollections," I see he writes that Shelley, on seeing him emerge from the forest, manifested no surprise, but bade him enter "his study," telling him meanwhile to listen to the solemn music of the pine-tops, adding, "Sometimes they will rave and shriek, and howl like a rabble of priests." Trelawny, it seems, now told Shelley that he must be up and moving, for his wife was anxiously waiting for him in a distant part of the wood. "Poor Mary!" answered Shelley, "hers is a sad

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fate. Come along; she can't bear solitude, nor I society—the quick coupled with the dead."

Twenty years later, when the world's reproach had turned to praise, and the Shelley once hated was now "idealized, etherealized, and canonized," his widow returned once more to visit the Italy of her youth, of her life's tragedy, "thought by thought, and step by step led on." She was accompanied on her travels by her son and a college friend of his, a handsome young fellow of great intellectual promise. This friend was Alexander Knox. Unfortunately his career at Trinity, Cambridge, had been marred by the breakdown of his health; he had in consequence been ordered to the South, and availed himself of the agreeable chance of going with the Shelleys to Italy.

The family of Alexander Andrew Knox

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claims kinship with John Knox, through their ancestor of the Ranfurlie branch who had settled in County Down, Ireland, early in the seventeenth century. Our friend's father had realized a large fortune in Jamaica in the palmy days of West Indian affairs, and lost it nearly all, later, when he became a shipowner, and entered into partnership with Sir Simon Clark. Young Knox's literary talents may be traced through his mother, a very accomplished woman, the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Greenfield, known for having assisted Bishop Percy in editing his "Reliques of Ancient Poetry." A son of Dr. Greenfield's had some literary reputation in his day, for rumour at one time credited him with the authorship of "Waverley."

Alexander Knox's mother died at his birth, in 1818, and as years went on, the poor boy, with his maternal inheritance of

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warm affections and delicate health, had no one to rejoice at his school successes, for his father always painfully associated this younger son with the loss of the wife he had idolized. Young Knox did so well at Blundell's school, Tiverton, that one year he carried off every prize, except the one for mathematics, and his name was carved over the door. He had been sent to Devonshire for the sake of the mildness of the climate. This well-known school was the Eton of the West for two centuries or more, but it must have been a pretty rough place in the last century, for I remember being told by Mr. Kinglake's father that when he was a boy at Blundell's their schoolroom windows had no glass, and were open to the winds of heaven. In those pre-sanitary days it was a survival of the fittest; old Mr. Kinglake lived to be nearly ninety, and might have lived longer

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if he had not been hustled when going to vote at the county election.

Knox went up to Trinity with a scholarship, but on account of bad health was unable to compete for honours. In all probability the tour with the Shelleys, and the meeting with Trelawny and other bright spirits in the classic land of Italy, was as stimulating to the young fellow's intellect, as would have been the severer studies at Cambridge.

Mary Shelley published an account of this Italian tour, in 1844, dedicating the volumes to Rogers, who was always very much her friend. The mention of Mr. Knox, or rather the initial of his name, is very frequent in this record of travel, which reads curiously old-fashioned, for railways were a novelty in those days. Mrs. Shelley described that their journey from Leipsic to Berlin, 105 miles, was

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actually performed in seven hours, but she adds, "the pace was so great that the passengers yelled out of the windows, imploring that the speed might be lessened."

In one of the sweet secluded valleys of Saxon Switzerland Mrs. Shelley quotes from a published poem of Mr. Knox's, adding that "his ardent and poetic imagination was warmed by inspiration in this lovely spot." But far more inspiriting must have been the Italy of Byron and Shelley—visited not alone, but in company with that gifted and enthusiastic woman who had borne her part in the fervour of those days, which gave to the world a poetic epoch! The past and the present are always jostling one another in our mental reception of ideas; to the one belong the things sanctified by time, to the other the hustling commonplaces of to-day. Trelawny, with all his memories

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of Shelley's "upward mind," was no idealist himself; he was of the earth, earthy—a curious, eccentric, paradoxical rebel, with a vein of coarseness in his nature, yet withal he had a warm heart, for he kept his friends. With Alexander Knox he maintained an intimacy that ended only when his long pilgrimage came to a close in 1881.

It is a pity when a man of ability, as Trelawny really was, aims at no higher distinction than that of posing as a social rebel. He wished the world to believe that he was "tortured by living with civilized human beings," that he "abhorred domestic intercourse." In his later years, when I knew him, he was irate with society for not taking his rebellion seriously; but, spite of his protests to the contrary, he had a great deal of kindly human nature about him, perhaps more than many an utterly respectable denizen of clubland,

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with "watery smile and educated whisker." There is a published letter of Trelawny to Mrs. Shelley which amusingly shows his would-be character.

He writes—

"Mary dear, six days I rest, and do all I have to do on the seventh day, because it is forbidden. If they would make it felony to obey the Commandments (without benefit of clergy), don't you think the pleasure of breaking the law would make me keep them?"

About the same time Alexander Knox first became acquainted with Trelawny, a very different and far higher influence was brought to bear upon the development of his mind. It appears that when the Shelleys and their party were at Sorrento, they were joined by Leslie Ellis, who had become Fellow of Trinity at the age of twenty-three. He was older than Knox,

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but a similarity of tastes had brought them together at Cambridge. Mathematics claimed Ellis's special attention, but his remarkable grasp of intellect left few subjects of human knowledge outside his range of interest. Ellis and Knox were alike interested in all philological studies; they were both good linguists. Harvey Goodwin, the late Bishop of Carlisle, wrote a brief but very sympathetic memoir of his friend Ellis, including in the same volume a few of his "papers" upon various subjects. In one of these, a treatise "On the Theory of Vegetable Spirals," he remarks on the genesis of the spiral, and on the tendency to rhythmical recurrence of parts which constitute the whole. The paper is singularly interesting, more especially when it is remembered that it was written long before Darwin published his views on evolution, or on the "Movement in Plants."

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Ellis was regarded at the time by Knox and other of his friends as a man of extraordinary promise. It was grievous to know that he was heavily weighted from his boyhood by deplorable health. I well remember in 1856, when visiting Cambridge, that my host, Mr. Hopkins, the famous mathematical tutor, used to walk out to Trumpington every other day, to sit with Ellis, who was living there in a hopeless state of invalidism. He had been Mr. Hopkins's pupil, and the account he gave of "the maturity and definiteness of young Ellis's acquirements" was very striking; he added, that "it was difficult to conceive that he could ever have been a mere boy." Sir William Napier received a similar impression of his remarkable powers, when he saw him as a lad of fourteen. It will be remembered that Lady Affleck, a widowed sister of

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Mr. Ellis, became Dr. Whewell's second wife.

When the joyous days at Sorrento had long been among the far-away recollections of Alexander Knox's youth, he chanced to meet Mr. Spedding at a London dinner-party at Miss Carrick Moore's. Though strangers, they immediately fraternized over the memory of their common friend, Leslie Ellis. The latter had been engaged at the time of his death in annotating the philosophical section of Bacon's works for Mr. Spedding's biography of the author of the "Novum Organum."

To return to Sorrento, as Knox knew it in those days of his early manhood; the sails by moonlight in the bay; the noon-tide picnics, graced by the intellectual enthusiasm of Mary Shelley; and the glorious talks with Ellis over his multifarious stores of knowledge—how delight-

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ful! yet, like many a pleasant time, to end with a dash of life's bitters. Young Knox received bad news from England; his father's losses in business proved far more serious than was at first anticipated. Alexander found it imperative to return at once; he had to face the necessity of earning his daily bread without further dallying or delay.

"In the reproof of chance lies the true proof of men;" and Knox had to show his "valour's worth." He had taken his M.A. degree, and was now called to the Bar as a member of Lincoln's Inn. In London the young barrister found everything to make life pleasant, except the means of living. The millennium might have come and cleared the Law Courts for all the good he got of the wicked world's criminality and litigation; no "briefs" came to him. Occasionally his

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dinners and suppers had to be prorogued, by order of the keeper of the privy purse, or represented by one course—a roll from the baker's shop. But the bright young fellow "never made a poor mouth;" not a soul knew of the pinch but himself. The proceeds of a magazine article now and then helped his narrow income. Meanwhile, he was meeting old friends, and making new ones. "Tom" Paris, who had been with him at Trinity, introduced him at his father's house in Dover Street, which was, at the time, the rendezvous of some of the best intellects in London. Here Alexander Knox met Faraday, Sir Benjamin Brodie, Dr. Bright, Babbage, and many others. Dr. Paris took a great liking to his young guest; he could be a firm friend though an unpleasant critic. He was keenly alive to the facetiæ of life, and was delighted in discovering Knox's

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broad substratum of humour, seeing therein the promise of the future journalist.

Paris had a fund of anecdotes, relating to Davy, Wollaston, and Young, and of a very different man—Sheridan, all of whom he had known personally. It will be remembered that he was the somewhat ungenerous biographer of Sir Humphry Davy, whose weaknesses he did not spare. As long ago as 1823, Paris wrote a treatise on "Medical Jurisprudence" in connection with Fonblanque, the well-known equity lawyer, who, unfortunately for his own career, was also one of the well-known "wits of the regency." At the house of Mr. Commissioner Fonblanque, the lawyer's eldest son, I remember in my girlhood once meeting Dr. Paris, then an old man, with a sour-sweet expression, who made jokes like knife-thrusts, and of whom I stood in great awe, as a man of vast

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knowledge. There are some people who diminish greatly in the perspective of time.

Knox's acquaintance with Charles Buller in 1844 soon ripened into friendship, and at his suggestion he essayed writing "leaders" for the *Morning Chronicle;* in journalism he may be said to have found his literary and professional vocation. Henceforth he cared not for "briefs," neither for the favour of attorneys. Mr. Knox entered upon his work at a time of great political excitement, and his special subject was the Corn Law debates. He was present on the memorable occasion when Sir Robert Peel announced to the House of Commons his change of policy on the question of Protection. Knox spoke of it as a scene never to be forgotten. "Sir Robert's agitation," he said, "was extreme, beads of perspiration standing on his brow." No one can read again

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that chapter of our history without deep emotion; who can say what might have been? The weather was disastrous; "the rain rained away the Corn Laws." There was famine in Ireland, there was scarcity in England. It was no mere question of party politics; "the people cannot see, but they can feel," says Harrington in one of his political aphorisms.

It has often been remarked that this was a period of dramatic surprises. The almost coincident triumph and downfall of Sir Robert Peel, the sudden death of Lord George Bentinck, the leader to whom the Conservatives had turned in their hour of desertion, and the rise of the long-distrusted "political adventurer," who was in later years crowned with the legend of "Peace with Honour."

Alexander Knox had so far made his mark as a journalist in this stirring period,

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that in 1846 he received an offer from the *Times;* acting under Charles Buller's advice, he accepted this offer, and remained on the staff of the paper for fourteen years, writing on an average six "leaders" a week.

In 1847 Buller was made Chief Poor Law Commissioner. His reasons for accepting this unpopular position were entirely unselfish; it was said, when early death closed his brilliant but brief career, that the main object of his life was "doing good." At the same time he had a nature brimful of exuberant fun and good spirits. Macaulay, in alluding to one of his speeches, said, "Charles Buller has spoken with talent, as he always does, and with dignity and discretion, as he rarely does." When he was Carlyle's pupil in 1822, the latter spoke of him as an "intelligent phenomenon, quite a bit of sunshine in my

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dreary Edinburgh element." Later on, when his pupil had made his mark in political life, Carlyle styled him "the genialist Radical I ever met."

When writing for the *Times* Mr. Knox had for his colleagues the Rev. Thomas Mozley and Mr. Robert Lowe (Lord Sherbrooke), when the latter returned from Australia in 1851. Mr. Delane had succeeded to the editorial post on the death of Mr. Barnes in 1841, when he, Delane, was only twenty-four years of age. It is curious that the oldest of the group, Mr. Mozley, who was born in 1806, still survives. No man ever brought to his work a more profound sense of the responsibility of a journalist. To quote his own words, he says *—

"I came reluctantly and slowly to the conclusion, to which I still adhere, that

* "Reminiscences," by the Rev. T. Mozley. 1885.

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in this country the *Press* must be regarded as an indispensable supplement to the Pulpit."

Mr. Mozley records that on one occasion he preached on "the Church the true guardian of the Poor;" and that after service Archdeacon Lear, in whose church he was, gravely remarked that he thought his sermon "a very injudicious one." This gives Mr. Mozley the opportunity of saying that he had long felt—

"The Church has nothing to say to public justice and mercy, to the spirit of our legislation—to the union of hearts and minds embracing all classes and conditions. All this it leaves to the world."

Another clerical friend of Mr. Knox's who belongs to this period, a man who was also doing the work of the Church on secular lines, was Charles Kingsley, whose time and influence were devoted

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to the enfranchisement of men's bodies from dirt and disease.

In 1848 Mr. Knox was sent to Dublin on some incidental business connected with the distribution of the *Times* famine fund, and here he met for the first time the friend of half a lifetime, Dr. W. H. Russell, who had been on the staff of the paper since 1843. They were introduced to each other by Sir Colman O'Loghlin, the Solicitor-General, who had previously spoken of Knox "as the most brilliant young man he had ever met." I remember Mr. Kinglake saying, "Knox has the faculty of 'striking the key-note' with that terse language of his, that obeys all his thoughts and feelings, producing effects with few words."

The *annus mirabilis* of 1848 was again a time of dramatic surprises. Cause and effect follow each other quickly in France.

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Louis Philippe had forbidden the great Reform dinner on the 22nd of February, and the first days of March found him an exile in England, where he was received with respect, but without sympathy. Mr. Knox told me that some wit at the time observed that, "though Louis Philippe would not allow the people to have their *dinner*, he had his *dessert*." This was probably said or repeated at Mr. Rogers's breakfast-table, the very mart of wit, where Mr. Knox was often a guest, and where he had an opportuuity of meeting many of the celebrities of the day. He was present when Rogers, more than usually annoyed at Monckton Milnes's tiresome habit of restlessness, observed crossly to his guest, "No gentleman fidgets in his chair," to which Milnes retorted, "No gentleman remarks on another fidgeting in his chair." I fancy it was here that

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Mr. Knox first met the Carrick Moores. I have heard him say that his friendship with this family was the one he most valued of the many friendships of his life.

Rogers had been intimate with four generations of this family; the first being the Dr. Moore who published his "Journal" kept in Paris during the first French revolution. This gentleman's granddaughter told the writer not long since that she remembers perfectly well when the news arrived of the death of her uncle, Sir John Moore. In an interesting volume recently printed for private circulation, called "Recollections of an Octogenarian," Mr. Carrick Moore tells the following curious anecdote:—

"Lady Hester Stanhope had a warm friendship for my uncle (Sir John Moore). She sent me a sword and a drum, when I was four years old, with a note, saying,

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'When you are a man come to me, and I will give you a real sword for your dear uncle's sake.' The physician who travelled with her in the East recorded that she said to him she had never known but three really great men. They were her uncle, William Pitt, her brother, James Stanhope, and Sir John Moore. The two last were both killed in the battle of Corunna. She got a lock of the hair of each, and set them in a gold locket, with the coat-of-arms and name of each respectively. In 1814 Lady Hester determined to live permanently in Syria, and sent for her possessions—this locket being amongst them. The ship containing her valuables sailed, and was heard of at Cyprus; soon after one of those Mediterranean squalls came on, and nothing more was ever heard of ship, crew, or cargo. Thirty years elapsed. Lady Hester had long been

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dead, when a letter came to the Admiralty from the consul at Jaffa, saying that an Arab had picked up on the beach a gold ornament with Frank characters. . . . This was the long-lost locket; and Lord Stanhope kindly giving up his claim to it, it became Sir Graham Moore's, and is now in my possession."

It has been stated that Lady Hester Stanhope was engaged to Sir John Moore, but this, it seems, was not the case. He was attached to, and had he returned would most probably have married the lady, who afterwards became the wife of Sir William Napier, the historian of the Peninsular War.

When Sir George Cornewall Lewis edited the *Edinburgh Review* Mr. Knox occasionally contributed articles; and one of these embodied his views on his friend Sir James Brooke's work in Borneo. Mr.

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Knox regarded the opening up of Borneo as constituting an era in the history of the Indian Archipelago. That a man of small fortune should equip a yacht with the view of geographical discovery, and then throw himself single-handed into the vortex of savagery, and without character or credentials achieve all that Sir James Brooke did in suppressing piracy in the Eastern Seas, makes his life read like a romance. In his article Mr. Knox says—

"There is an energy, a depth, and a sincerity of purpose which enlists the sympathies and commands the co-operation of others. Very few men are in earnest in this world, and those few infallibly succeed in carrying their purpose into effect. Sir James Brooke is one of these."

Mr. Kinglake, in writing to Mr. Knox, said, "It must have been in the winter of

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1847 that I saw something of your hero. . . . I took a pride in the fact that an Englishman could go out and become a conqueror and ruler by his own strength of will and courage. . . . He once said a thing to me which served, as I thought, to show power. I had said, 'Won't the missionaries give you trouble?' and he quietly answered, 'I shall govern them.'"

When Miss North was on her botanical tour she visited Borneo, years after the rajah, who suffered many tribulations, had come home to die and had been laid to rest in the lonely churchyard on Dartmoor. Writing to Mr. Knox, Miss North says, "How all *real* men remember the Rajah of Sarawak in this place; it would do you good to hear them talk of him."

Mr. Knox had always advocated the maintenance of our protectorate in Borneo, as elsewhere, agreeing with those persons

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who looked favourably on the expansion of England. Sir George Cornewall Lewis, were he alive, would probably see fit to change his opinion about Vancouver's Island now that the Canadian Pacific Railway has opened up a New World route. In one of his published "letters" under date 1848, he writes—

"For my part I cannot see what advantage we should gain from a new settlement in this remote region (Vancouver's Island) —six months' sail from England, and far distant from any of our foreign possessions, for practically it is a different world from our provinces, on the *western* coast of North America."

Mr. Knox used to say, "The record of history is, when we cease to advance, we shall begin to go back."

Some of the most able articles from Mr. Knox's pen were those called forth by the

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treatment of the political prisoners in the Neapolitan dungeons. From the time that Mr. Gladstone had drawn public attention to the sufferings of Poerio and his companions, "the knowledge that such an iniquity was in course of perpetration had been felt by the civilized world as a reproach to humanity." The name of Sir Antonio Panizzi is naturally suggested in mentioning the cause of the Italian patriots. Mr. Knox made the acquaintance of the librarian of the British Museum at the dinner-table of Mr. W. H. Clark. Mr. Knox, who was himself a good Italian scholar, found many subjects of interest in common with the accomplished foreigner, besides the absorbing one of sympathy for those unfortunate Neapolitan gentlemen, who at length, after the most terrible sufferings, found a refuge in England. When writing in favour of a

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public subscription on their behalf, Mr. Knox well observed that the only possessions left to the Italian exiles were—their wrongs!

It was a saying of Mr. Wingrove Cooke's that "a public writer must strive to amuse if he is earnest to instruct." Few journalists were more happy in their lighter moods than Mr. Knox. There was a humorous article of his on a "Derby Day" towards the end of the Fifties, that drew from Mr. Delane the following remark:—"Without any manner of doubt the most successful article published this year has been yours on the 'Derby Day,' and I do but repeat the universal voice in saying so."

Mr. Wingrove Cooke was a distinguished colleague and an intimate friend of Mr. Knox's. The former was special correspondent to the *Times* in China, in

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1857. His "letters" published in a collected form, under the title of "China," is a most amusing book. He describes Yeh, a great statesman of the time, as "the Eldon of China, Eldon intensified and omnipresent in Chinese official life. It is all bows and arrows, and the wisdom of our ancestors." He gives an amusing incident of meeting a military mandarin and his companion in a Buddhist temple, where they had been burning incense before one of the idols. Seeing a stranger, the mandarin addressed Mr. Cooke's interpreter, asking, with the license common throughout China, what was the "honourable age" of the foreigner. Hearing that he was from England, he asked—

"'How large is your country?' and I answered, 'The British Empire is about three times as large as the eighteen provinces of China.' The interpreter

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looked incredulous, but translated. The Tartar evidently thought I had told him a very tall lie. He then asked me whether our land was fruitful. I answered, 'It was neither so rich as China, nor so poor as Tartary.' My friend was a little nettled, and, as the Chinese nearly always do when they want to be uncivil, he asked why the barbarians do not wear tails. I replied, pointing to the gods, 'We are of the race of your gods, and you see they wear no tails.' I thought I had said a smart thing, but the mandarin, tapping the plaster head and sides of the hideous pot-bellied idol, asked, 'And are you made of the same materials as your ancestors?' Both the Celestials laughed."

As a young man, Mr. Wingrove Cooke made his reputation by his "Life of the First Lord Shaftesbury;" his best known

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work is the "History of Party," which I believe is considered a standard book. Mr. Wingrove Cooke once, if not more than once, accompanied Mr. Knox and his wife, when they took a vacation tour on the Continent. I remember hearing in after time many an echo of those pleasant days, when these genial spirits turned all the little *contretemps* of travel into cause of merriment and occasion of wit and laughter.

Mr. Knox was married to Miss Armstrong* in 1857, and henceforth their house became the centre of much pleasant hospitality, for their guests were amongst the people best worth meeting in the cultured circles of London society.

* Miss Armstrong's father was the late James Armstrong, Esq., of the Bengal Civil Service, and her grandfather, Colonel Armstrong, was military secretary to the Marquis of Wellesley when governor-general in India.

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It was a happy remark that some one made in reference to Mr. Knox, that "his great and varied knowledge was chiefly of a kind available for the uses of society." No man ever led the conversation at his own table more happily than he did; he had tact as well as humour. When his friends were around him there was often a joyous out-of-school boy look in his face that made each one present feel as if Time's wallet was for the nonce lifted off his back. Was he ever bored? Was any one ever bored who did his day's work with strength and purpose, with a mind to see the intense interest of this life of ours, and a heart to feel the joys and the sorrows of others?

In the summer of 1860 Mr. Knox accepted the appointment of Metropolitan police magistrate, and subsequently took his seat at the Worship Street Court.

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When he called upon the Secretary of State, Sir George Cornewall Lewis, who then held the post of Home Secretary, made this significant remark, "Let me give you one piece of advice, Mr. Knox; never joke upon the bench." "And," said my informant, "he never did."

It was in the nature of the man to throw himself heart and soul into the work he had to do. Before he had been many months on the bench, Mr. Knox was confronted by a great aggravation of the chronic distress of the East End poor. The long frosts of the winter of 1860–61 threw the dock-labourers and others in vast numbers out of employ. It will be remembered that the Thames was frozen over for six weeks. The daily papers of that time record a fearful amount of suffering; frequent and most earnest appeals were made to the charitable to "give

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quickly and without stint." Large sums of money were placed at Mr. Knox's disposal, and without stopping to consider whether he was doing more than his official duty, he thought only of the necessities of the poor; so during that anxious time he and his clerks, all willing hands, "turned themselves," as some of the papers sarcastically observed, "into relieving officers." Were they to wait for the red-tape organization of a staff of paid almoners, or a lagging corps of volunteers? The sick, the aged, and the children, if not succoured to-day, may be cold and stark in the grasp of death to-morrow.

Some of the papers viewed the case in the right way, as may be shown by the following remarks from the *Daily News* of January 12, 1861:—

"After a hard day's work, Mr. Knox and the officers under him devote them-

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selves, as we learn from the police reports, to the harrowing details presented in numberless letters of abject wretchedness never equalled, except when weather like the present produces want of work and sharpens the necessity for warmth and food. Mr. Knox and the other magistrates who have followed his laudable example, may well despair of making any general impression on the vast amount of misery in their respective courts, but they do something."

It was a matter of great regret to the clergy, as well as to the poor of the district, when Mr. Knox removed to the Marlborough Street Court, which he did in 1862. Mr. Trevitt, the then Rector of St. Philip's, Bethnal Green, wrote to Mr. Knox to express the universal sorrow that was felt at his departure, and to say that his parishioners desired to get up a testimonial on the occasion of his leaving.

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This offering was declined; but when Mr. Knox sat at the Court, as he did sometimes for his successor, the poor people, when they heard he was there, crowded in "just to see his worship again," as they expressed it.

I have heard Mr. Knox say that he found the poor of the West End not nearly as sensitive to kindness and sympathy as their less sophisticated brethren in the East.

During the sixteen years that Mr. Knox presided at Marlborough Street, a variety of circumstances arose of unusual gravity. There were various trade strikes, and there were the Hyde Park riots of 1866, which last resulted in a number of police cases, requiring the utmost tact and discretion. For his manner of dealing with the rioters, and for the courageous way in which he conducted the much-vexed ques-

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tion of the "disorders in the Haymarket," Mr. Knox received on both occasions the special thanks of the Home Office.

Outside the ordinary routine of his duties, Mr. Knox was selected to make inquiry into the condition and treatment of the Fenian convicts. These were the men who had been convicted some eighteen months before of treason-felony in Ireland. Rumours were persistently promulgated that they were being treated cruelly and tyrannically. The Government wisely directed an inquiry into the whole matter; Mr. Knox was assisted by Mr. George Pollock. The report of the commissioners was published in 1867, and gave great satisfaction to the public, as it proved that there was no truth whatever in the charges of cruelty and excessive severity said to have been shown towards O'Donovan Rossa and the other Fenian prisoners.

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Lord Cranbrook (then Mr. Gathorne Hardy) wrote to Mr. Knox, saying, "The firmness and justice of your conclusions have been proved by the silence which has succeeded to the many querulous complaints."

Amongst those who took note of the sentences awarded at Marlborough Street, was Mr. Knox's old friend, Mr. Delane. He writes—

"You do not want any praise from me, but I cannot help expressing the delight that your decision in Miss Todd's case has caused in every society in which I have heard it discussed, and the universal consent it commands."

In this case Mr. Knox had sentenced a coachman who had been guilty of brutal cruelty to a horse to imprisonment and *hard labour*, resisting the strenuous efforts of his mistress to get the fellow let off with a fine.

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A magistrate sitting daily *coram populo* falls under the criticism of those whose judge, arbiter, and counsellor he is; and under these circumstances it is interesting to obtain proof of the law-abiding Englishman's approval of his own official. It happened that a member of Mr. Knox's family felt an interest in collecting and preserving a large number of the letters which reached him at Marlborough Street. A very curious collection they make, not unfrequently ill-spelt: but rarely anonymous, for Smith and Jones sign their names like honest men when they tender their gratitude to the magistrate for timely help in "saving a whole family from misery," or in signifying their approval of his decisions on matters affecting the daily life of themselves and their neighbours. The comments are amusing—"Glad you've shown no favour, letting folks off with a

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fine;" and in reference to the vexed question, "Never mind what is said, we know you're the best magistrate on the Bench." Another time a club of commercial travellers in Manchester send a minute of their proceedings, when "their president had ordered 'bumpers,' and they rose to their feet to drink health and prosperity to the worthy magistrate, Mr. Knox, of London." This, of course, was for a decision that had touched John Bull's sense of the perfect equality of Englishmen before the law.

It chanced some years since, that a nephew of Mr. Knox's (now a judge in India) was visiting the prison at Portland. On learning that he was related to the police magistrate of the same name, the official who took him round related the following incident:—

"It happened not long ago," said this

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gentleman, "that when I went round to ask the prisoners if there was anything they would like to hear about in the outside world, that I was asked several times for 'Mr. Knox—the beak at Marlbro' Street,'—if he was going on there still, and if he was well. 'Do you like Mr. Knox, that you ask for him?' I said on one occasion in some surprise. 'Yes,' replied the convict, 'we do like him—we always knows that when we are up afore him, we gets it—but then he speaks to us as if we was human beings.'"

A friend once expressed his wonder at Mr. Knox's patience and gentleness with prisoners in the dock. To this the magistrate replied, "It is bad enough to be in the dock, I can hardly insult them from an armchair."

Mr. Knox's perfect facility in speaking French, German, and Italian, was fre-

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quently of use in dealing directly with foreigners without the medium of an interpreter. His love of languages never left him; during the last months of his life, at Biarritz, he engaged the services of a Spanish gentleman, of whom he took lessons three times in the week to improve himself in that language.

The first time I met Mr. Knox he took me in to dinner at the Clarks' in Leinster Gardens; there were a good many interesting people among the guests that evening, several of them friends of the Knoxes, so that I saw him to advantage. He was a handsome and distinguished-looking man; but, what was of more importance, he struck you as being thoroughly genuine, and free from all affectation of manner. As he himself said of Dickens, he did not come down fifty pairs of stairs to speak to you. Alluding to the author of

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"Pickwick," Mr. Knox mentioned having dined a few days before with Mr. Harness, when Dickens, who was present, gave an account of his then recent railway accident in a most thrilling manner.

Mr. Wills, Dickens's coadjutor in *Household Words*, was present at this dinner. He was a man full of anecdote, and ready characteristic remarks on authors he had known. Mrs. Wills, a sister of William and Robert Chambers, was happily no stranger to me, and joining our little coterie of talk, she from time to time capped what her familiar friend Mr. Knox had to say with some of her inimitable Scotch stories. Mrs. Wills has what is rare in our sex—the faculty of humour.

In this my first meeting with Mr. Knox, I was greatly impressed by his intensely humane tone in speaking of the poor, the ignorant, and the criminal substratum of

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society. "The mass of these people in our towns," he said, "are spawned upon the world rather than born into life." He then went on to speak of the good in things evil, which a man can only do who sees in his mind and feels in his soul the tie of common humanity with the outcasts of civilization. The conversation was one never to be forgotten, for it struck a note of sad reality in the midst of our social brightness.

At this same dinner-party I met Admiral (then Captain) Sherrard Osborn; he was one of Mr. Knox's intimate friends, and I remember he drew him out on the subject of Japan. He was there with Lord Elgin in 1858, when his lordship made his entry into Yedo in great state. He was the first British ambassador who had been seen there since 1613.

It was hardly possible to meet a man

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who had gone through more varied experiences than Sherrard Osborn, and having the gift of a literary pen, he gave to the world, from time to time, his adventures in the polar regions in search of Sir John Franklin, in Malayan waters, in Japan, and in China. He was a frequent correspondent both of Mr. and Mrs. Knox; in one of his many pleasant letters, he tries to arrange a meeting with them in the Mediterranean, where he describes himself as occupying the not enviable post of "naval centurion," —"for what between port admirals and sea admirals—who ought to be land ones —the Admiralty, and our crews, we are simply 'buffers,' thumped every way. But, as Jack says, that is just what the captain is paid for, so I am going to be very patient, and only growl in notes to kind friends like yourselves."

Home instincts were very strong after

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all in the gallant heart of this professional wanderer, as may be gathered from the following paragraph in a letter to Mrs. Knox :—

"My brother, like yours, has just returned to India, and I miss him very much. What a pleasant thing it must be when all the members of a family take to professions, which keep them round one hearthstone, or at any rate within the borders of Old England."

There was another of Mr. Knox's correspondents who, even in these days of foreign travel, could speak lovingly of the nooks and corners of Old England. This was Mr. Kinglake. He writes—

"With the gift of pen, that you have, you in a few words say something that makes a picture . . . and here am I with the pleasantest impression of your Swan Inn at Wells. It seems charming,

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the good old inn, with the garden before your windows, and the west front of the cathedral. Twelve years ago, I went down on horseback from London to Somersetshire, and was almost *touched* by the grand old inns, which had been great 'posting houses' in the days of my youth, and still retained some of their vast, though, of course, empty stables."

One day when I was calling on Mrs. Knox, she showed me a photograph which Mr. Kinglake had sent her of himself, with these accompanying words: "This represents the gentle author of the '14th Chapter' as he appeared after the fall of the French Empire."

The chapter referred to is of course the celebrated one in which Kinglake in his history reveals, with the search-light of a detective, the secret chronicles of the "Brethren of the Élysée," and denounces

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them before the world with the unsparing determination of a bitter and relentless foe. In one of Kinglake's letters to Mr. Knox some time after the Franco-Prussian War, the following remarks occur :—

"There is great truth in what I take to be your conclusion, *i.e.* that by gathering his recollections, and glancing at them under the right angle, an 'old boy' can have his pantomime as well as the children. I, for instance, have seen the devil, horns, hoofs and all taken *au grand sérieux*, then tossed in a blanket amidst roars of laughter. I have seen France, dreaded of nations, struck all at once by a wand, and become a chirping tomtit; and as for you, you yourself wielded the thunders of the mighty *Times*, and have wished it good-bye, and seen it turned into a turtle!"

The pressure of work at the Marlborough Street Court was unusually severe

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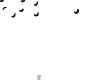
in 1876-77; and the position of affairs was aggravated by the grave scandals affecting the credit of the police, which arose out of Madame de Goncourt's case. Having obtained a mastery over this intricate affair, Mr. Knox felt it a duty to hold on till the work was done, though he was suffering from a severe attack of bronchitis. The illness of a colleague about the same time added to the burden of official business, and the final result of the strain upon Mr. Knox was no less than a grievous breakdown. In 1878 he had a paralytic seizure, from which he only made a partial recovery; as he himself said, "the hopes of his life were blighted"—he was only just sixty! After eighteen years of untiring devotion to the public service, it was a matter of surprise to many that Mr. Knox was allowed to retire with only the *minimum* pension given to Metropolitan magistrates.



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A great change had now come over our friend's life, but the imperturbable sweetness of his nature maintained his temper and spirits at their old level. He could do a fair share of literary work, and he could enjoy the society of his friends with all his former zest. He never said, as did another friend of mine when he retired from official life to the close companionship of the gout and his own bad temper, that no one called at his house now, except the tax-gatherer. It was far otherwise with Mr. Knox, for all those friends who could claim the privilege of intimacy gathered round him, more closely than before. But the real compensation in all his troubles was the perfect happiness that he enjoyed in his married life, and in the untiring devotion of her who, with "sweet observance," anticipated every wish and thought. His intellectual resources

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never failed to maintain their old level of interest, because his sympathies remained responsive to the eager life of daily struggle for progress that went on around him. He never lost touch with the onward fashion of thought, but kept apace with the age, whether depressed by a sense of failure or elated by the vision of enfranchisement from the evil that is. He was not the man to put an extinguisher on youth by saying, "Men were not such fools in my day."

Mr. Knox was a member of the Marlborough Club, and being there one day, some time after his illness, he was much touched by the Prince of Wales coming up and gently reproaching him for not appearing there more frequently. It may be mentioned that his Royal Highness had voted for him at his election, taking the trouble to go to the Club for the special purpose.

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When Mr. Knox's health was fairly re-established, Sir William Gull was anxious for Mr. Kinglake's opinion as to the intellectual vigour expressed in his patient's letters. Mr. Kinglake writes as follows to Mrs. Knox:—

"I may be somewhat biased, of course, by the circumstance of my taking the same views as Alex. on this wretched Eastern question * (which has given me so much pain). . . . I remain convinced that his letters to me not only proved his old power, but showed also—a very different thing—that he could be 'in the vein' for using it. . . . That sentence of his in which he spoke of the brave Turks as 'fighting our battles for us in their blind barbarian way,' was in itself a scathing condemnation of our neutrality."

Mr. Kinglake was so consciously de-

* The Russo-Turkish War.

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ficient in animal spirits himself that he rejoiced in the stimulating brightness of his friend. On an afternoon visit he turned to Mrs. Knox and said, with his peculiar deliberate enunciation, "I see girls looking happy, bright and decided, and seemingly spurred by great energies, but there is no mere male so radiant as Alex." Kinglake always delighted in his friend's good stories. I think it was on this occasion that Mr. Knox amused him greatly by his account of two little boys who were discussing Biblical characters. The one who always took the highly moral view of things observed with great gravity that "Abraham was a very good man." "No, he wasn't," replied the other small boy; "he wasn't good at all, for he oughtn't to have had two wives." "Oh, but you know he had only one wife; the other was a porcupine." Mr. Kinglake

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often referred to the story, and declared that "porcupine" was such a suitable euphuism that it should be generally adopted for expressing certain inconvenient relations in life among your acquaintances. It was an acquaintance who died, not a friend, of whom Mr. Knox said, "He never did any good, but I never heard of his doing any harm. I am sure I don't know what God Almighty will do with him."

In 1879, owing to the recurrence of bronchial attacks, Mr. Knox resolved to winter in Algeria; he had tried shutting himself up in London in bad weather, but, as he said, "Imprisonment without hard labour is a very serious matter."

The result of his sojourn in Africa was the publication of a delightful volume called "The New Playground, or Wanderings in Algeria," which is full of charming

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touches of humour and pathos, and vivid descriptions of scenery, that sent many health-seekers to tread in the author's footsteps. In the *Nineteenth Century* of January, 1882, there is an article recording the experiences of another tour which Mr. Knox made in the "Sicily of Thucydides and Theocritus." Passing through woods of olives and cypresses to the fountain where the brown girls come to fill the pitchers they bear on their heads, the traveller sees all very much as it was two thousand years ago.

"But somehow one does not get melancholy over it, nor feel inclined to moralize as in a Gothic churchyard. There was something after all in that Greek gladness. Why turn Hamlet and retail commonplaces? The things of mortals best fit mortality."

This last sentence expressed the mood

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only of a poetic temperament, feeling through every fibre of his being the glory and the joy of nature's adorning, standing there that day on the slopes of Etna, and looking with full mind from the present into the past. All the same, there was no one, struggling as we all must through this competitive life of our day with "necessity its plea," who felt more strongly than Alexander Knox the spiritual requirements of our nature, or who looked with more steadfast faith towards the "sequence of the soul's achievements here."

During their absence from England, the Knoxes were cheered by numerous letters from friends; Mr. Kinglake kept up his remarks on some of the most conspicuous events of the day. He writes in 1879—

"The death of the poor young Prince

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Imperial is a painful event, and one shudders at the misery of the poor Empress, losing at one blow her only child and her only 'cause.' As regards blame, I don't find myself thinking much about Lord Chelmsford—he ought hardly to be found fault with for not causing the lad to be watched and restrained. . . . I have always preached that the abolition of the duel in the army was a terrible mistake. . . . It is a terrible misfortune for a man to be so circumstanced that there comes upon him a half-minute when he has not presence of mind enough to be brave."

In the late autumn of the same year, Kinglake writes to Mr. Knox as follows :—

"My accident was being run over by a mighty omnibus in the Rue Royale, Paris. The big horses passed over me, hustling me with their legs, but, good

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beasts, not one of them planted a hoof on me. . . . I was taken capital care of by the women of the hotel; and when they found my wound healing very rapidly, they declared it to be owing to my 'virtuous life.' . . . Now I am going to tell you something more amusing. An old lady, a friend of mine, has distinguished herself ever since I have known her by her more than common horror of naughtiness, and her resolute determination to refrain from visiting any of the 'women of fashion' whom she regards as having the least tendency to an undue cultivation of the affections. She was the other day in Paris, and (unfortunately for her peace of mind) there seems to have been also there another lady about fifty-two years younger, whose name was so spelt that it might be mistaken for hers. Well, *my* friend, the aged and

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virtuous one, was at a quiet, orderly hotel near the *Champs Élysées*, and had gone to bed early, and she and the whole people of the hotel were sleeping the sleep of the virtuous at eleven o'clock, but at one o'clock in the morning the quiet hotel was rung up, and my virtuous friend roused from her sleep in order to receive a note that was to be instantly delivered. She opened the note and the words were: '*À tes ordres, chérie, j'attends.*' This is not a joke, but an agonizing proof of want of virtue in somebody or other. She told me herself."

Perhaps the most voluminous, and not the least interesting of Mr. Knox's correspondents was Miss Marianne North; her letters are mostly addressed to his wife, but, as she says, are intended equally for "his Worship." They are dated from every part of the world, where rare and

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beautiful flowers may be painted in their native wilds. This remarkable woman went alone on her travels, but found friends everywhere, ready to aid and assist her in the object she had in view. As the Knoxes had not made botany a specialty, she wrote accounts of the people she met, and often very humorous these accounts were; or she would relate her adventures and misadventures, showing that her pen like her pencil could make pictures. From Java she writes—

"The banian trees are wonderful temples in themselves. Yesterday I came suddenly upon a group of the most wonderful birds under one of these trees; they were big as turkeys, of the most lovely grey-blue colour, and so tame that they let me come in amongst them. . . . The 'deadly upas tree' is not deadly at all, but takes the blame from the swamp

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it lives in. . . . The Dutch make the lazy Malays work, and no ground is wasted; they have a percentage on the crops. . . . The Botanical garden at Britanzog is the finest in the world. I am working at three great india-rubber trees with stilted roots coming down like props from branches."

Miss North stayed several months in Brazil. She travelled about a good deal with some local friends, the Gordons, who made life for her a pleasant and continued picnic. "Their garden" she describes "as lovely with flowers and butterflies. It was as if a rainbow was broken into bits, and each bit endowed with wings and vivid life, filling the whole air with fluttering colour." Miss North speaks of the late Emperor of Brazil with unbounded respect. She relates that his habits were so simple, that he only took ten minutes

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over his dinner; "but then he has only one dish, generally a turkey, of which he leaves little but the bones."

It is interesting to note that Trelawny, the companion of Byron and Shelley, the middle-aged man, with whom young Knox became acquainted when he travelled in Italy with Mary Shelley, should have survived to see the nineteenth century waning to its close, dying only in August, 1881. The friendship between Trelawny and Mr. Knox was maintained to the last, though in most things they stood as the two poles apart. In a note from "the Pirate" to Mr. Knox, dated 1877, he describes a common friend in words that might pass for his own portraiture:—

"The great H——," he says, "has just walked in—from New York; he is bulged out a foot or two in the beam, takes a cynical bird's-eye view of things in general,

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and differs from every one, on every subject, and makes as much noise and smoke as a donkey-engine."

Though Mr. Knox's health compelled him to winter abroad, he returned regularly to London for the summer. At the delightful little dinners, that were not unfrequent in Victoria Street, their guests had the opportunity of meeting such intimate friends as Sir Spencer St. John, the Carrick Moores, Mr. Kinglake, Mr. Edward Pigott, Mrs. Lynn Linton, Wilkie Collins, Mrs. Wills, and others. But, remembering the gatherings of former days, one missed the familiar faces of Sir Edward and Lady Sabine, Mr. and Mrs. Brookfield, Sir Arthur Helps, John Leech, and the Sainton Dolbys. Mr. Knox used to say, when Madame Sainton Dolby sang, that "she turned your drawing-room into a cathedral."

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In later years Mr. Kinglake's increasing deafness induced him to avoid dinner-parties; but he spent many a quiet hour of *tête-à-tête* with the Knoxes, and always kept up his correspondence.

In September, 1885, Mr. Kinglake writes—

"My indolence commonly prevents me from taking an initiative of any kind, and least of all in a 'busy-body' way, but for once I have been other than myself. Knowing that our new Ambassador to St. Petersburg, coming from France, and our great soldier, Sir Frederick Roberts, coming from India, would be approaching London at nearly the same time, I ventured to bring them together at a little dinner of only these and myself at the Travellers; and it was very interesting, the conversation of the general and the ambassador being wonderfully good, and lasting five

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hours and a half, and as I venture to hope with (possibly) good results to the public service, for they had never met before. . . . Morier is delightful in society, and the great soldier is all one would wish to find him. He has a wonderful power of looking at things dispassionately, and of drawing one out of Fools' Paradises without stopping to swear at the statesmen who 'have laid out' those beautiful gardens. . . . The really strong man is too rare. Charles Villiers was telling me of the saying of a Yankee about us, which is more true than pleasant. Duly causing his voice to pass through his nose, he said, 'Your abilities are not equal to your empire.'"

In March, 1888, Mr. Kinglake, who left few important events untouched upon in his correspondence with his friends, writes—

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"I well understand the feeling you and Alex. have about the new Emperor of Germany ascending the great throne, which he manfully helped to build up, with that cruel ailment of his reminding him, I suppose every minute, that he is engaged in an uncertain fight for life. Once—some four or five years ago—he engaged me in a lengthened *tête-à-tête* conversation, with the result of his confirming the opinion I had always entertained of him—an opinion ascribing to him the most perfect *honesty*."

In July of the same year Mr. Kinglake writes—

"That blundering move of the Gladstonites which brought down upon them the famous majority of ninety-three was heavenly. A large proportion of the Liberals have clung to Gladstone because they imagine he is a cunning fellow, and

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now, perhaps, may begin to think more than they have as yet of the stupidity which has flung them out of power *for abandoning their own opinions.* Bright quite truly said that before Mr. Gladstone's escapade there were 'not twenty men in the party' the least inclined towards the Irish policy thrust upon them by Gladstone, and one hopes that Liberal remnant may find out at last that they are an ill-commanded gang."

Mr. Kinglake's long life (for he was only five years younger than the century) was drawing to its close. His last letter on politics and public men addressed to Mr. Knox was dated November 28th, 1889. In this he writes—

"I trust you have been sharing with me the great pleasure I gained in reading Lord Salisbury's speeches of Tuesday and yesterday. They seem to me ad-

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mirable for their wisdom as well as for their force. Public men get their true maturity at an advanced age, and having heard Lord Salisbury in the earlier and in the subsequent years of his career, I am brought to the conclusion that his intellectual rise has been immense. Of course this is a great comfort to me. I recognize the dangers of the time, and rejoice to see that intellectually the chief is so strong."

An instance of Mr. Kinglake's irrepressible humour occurred when he was lying ill, stricken by his fatal and painful malady. The Duke of Bedford, who was his frequent visitor, had selected the not very cheerful subject of cremation to enlarge upon to his sick friend. After his Grace had left, Mr. Kinglake observed, "The duke offers you the chance of cremation, as his wife would offer her box at the opera."

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Mr. Kinglake's death, which occurred early in 1891, greatly affected Mr. Knox. They had mutually kept up so keen an interest in public affairs, interchanging their ideas, that it was a sad void for the survivor when he could no longer exclaim on reading the daily papers, "Ah! Kinglake will have something to say about this in his next letter."

Alexander Knox died in the autumn of this same year. Not trusting any words of my own, which might seem but the commonplaces of regret and sorrow, I am irresistibly reminded of the quaint pathos of those lines of John Quarles, in his Elegy on Ussher, where he says—

"Let him sweetly take
A full repose, he hath been long awake:
Tyr'd with the toyle of a most tedious day,
He sought refreshment: seeking found the way,
The way to heaven, and being merry-hearted
Shook hands with flesh and blood, and so departed."

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It is curious that the oldest of that remarkable group of men who worked together on the staff of the *Times* should still survive. I refer to the Rev. Thomas Mozley. His recent letter to the widow of his friend and colleague may be read in part, because it expresses what no one else can express so well, or with such fulness of knowledge—

"Oct. 6, 1891.

"My dear Mrs. Knox,

"We were indeed grieved and surprised at what we saw to-day in the paper; when I last heard of your husband he was still showing the same constant flow of wit and scholarship that I have always noted in him—not the least when he was last here. I have been asking several times lately when he was likely to be here again. . . . I am better now, but a

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sufferer—I am a prisoner to the house. How often, especially in the long winter evenings here, I wished I could have had your husband's conversational powers, and be so able to set the ball going, and keep it going hour after hour. When is Knox coming again to you? was Charles Kingsley's first question when I met him—and unless it was Kingsley himself, we had no Knoxes in our neighbourhood. . . ."

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A TWILIGHT GOSSIP WITH THE PAST.

It is pleasant to get what Wordsworth calls "those recollected hours that have the charm of visionary things" into focus, into "a visible scene on which the sun is shining." A bright spot comes within my field of sight, when I turn the glass of memory on a time when I was the guest of the Bishop of Jamaica and Mrs. Spencer at Torquay. The former was a son of the Hon. William Spencer, one of the wits of the Regency, a writer of society verses much admired by his fair contemporaries, to whose charms he paid sentimental com-

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pliments in poetry best remembered by a parody. In the "Rejected Addresses" there is a clever imitation *pour rire* of the style of "the Hon. W. S.," called "The Beautiful Incendiary," whom Philander finds asleep and thus apostrophizes—

"Sobriety, cease to be sober,
Cease labour to dig and to delve,
All hail to this tenth of October,
One thousand eight hundred and twelve.
Hah! whom do my peepers remark?
'Tis Hebe with Jupiter's jug;
Oh no, 'tis the pride of the park,
Fair Lady Elizabeth Mugg."

William Spencer's admirable translation of Bürger's "Leonora" was of more value than his society verses, graceful though they were, and much esteemed in circles where sentimentality did duty for sincerity, and where often a glittering iridescence on the scum of things passed for the true gold of wit.

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The Bishop of Jamaica inherited a happy facility of verse-writing from his father, but improved taste and higher culture gave his pen the power of more serious expression and greater earnestness of thought. Some charming fugitive pieces of his are to be found in old numbers of *Blackwood's Magazine*. I never knew any professional reader give Shakespeare with such subtilty of feeling and critical acumen as Aubrey Spencer. His voice had the singular power of falling to the faintest vibration of a silver bell, and rising in a crescendo of expression that could be absolutely tragic in force.

While visiting the Spencers they took me to call on the Bishop of Exeter at his favourite residence near Torquay. I had seen his lordship on former occasions, and knowing his reputation for extreme haughtiness of manner, I could appreciate the

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following incident. The bishop, it seems, was constantly annoyed by the intrusion of strangers into his grounds, and he had put up very stringent notices forbidding trespassers. One morning he was walking along in a meditative mood, when suddenly two ladies broke through the shrubs, and stood awkwardly enough confronting him. They stammered out some excuse, saying they did not know they were in private grounds. His lordship made them a profound bow, pointed to the printed notice, adding, "But perhaps you do not read; however, as you seem to have no scruples, pray go on, go along the paths, into the flower garden, across the lawn, enter the house, visit the drawing-room, dining-room and study, but let me recommend you not to penetrate into the bedrooms at this early hour, as the housemaids may not have done their work." The intruders

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must have wished themselves in another diocese.

The generation is passing away that can remember the strong spirit of religious partisanship called forth by the writings of Bishop Philpotts on controversial matters. So numerous were these fulminating pamphlets that the list is said to occupy sixteen pages of the new folio catalogue of the British Museum. One of these leaflets was a letter, in 1849, to the Archbishop of Canterbury, on the Gorham difficulty, in which the militant writer "anathematized" his Grace! Some years later Wilberforce, then Bishop of Oxford, when visiting his brother of Exeter, remarked that "it was very interesting to see the taming of the old Lion." He lived to be ninety-one. When in Florence I was greatly struck with the resemblance between Bishop Philpotts and the well-

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known portrait of Pope Julius II., by Raphael—I mean the one in the Pitti Palace. Besides a similarity in the contour of the face, there was in the English bishop the same expression of innate power, obstinacy, and force of will that is so finely expressed in the portrait of the Pope, who fiercely held his own—till fate betrayed him—against the Emperor Maximilian and many another foe.

From my friend Aubrey Spencer I heard of a curious incident in the experience of Bishop Wilberforce, an experience which one way and another has fallen to the lot of many, but which remains inexplicable by any known laws of causation. The Bishop of Oxford described that he was one day in his study writing letters on very dry business details, when suddenly a feeling of acute mental agony came over him, and he found himself utterly unable

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to proceed with his work. Without being able to reason on his sensations, he felt convinced that some evil had befallen his favourite son, a midshipman in the navy. Some weeks afterwards the bishop received intelligence that at this very day his son, who was on his ship in the Pacific, had met with a severe accident—a hatchway fell on his foot, and he nearly bled to death from the injury! The Bishop of Jamaica told me that he related the circumstance shortly after hearing it to Hallam, the historian. When the latter heard the narrative he put his hand to his forehead, saying, with considerable emotion, "These things are extraordinary; a similar circumstance happened to me in my last domestic tragedy, but it was even more remarkable, for I heard a voice calling to me." The recollection seemed so full of pain that Hallam said no more.

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What a mystery rounds our life, with its "dead yesterday and unborn to-morrow"! After all the gains of science, we know so little of the workings of the unseen soul within us. One is reminded of Fitzgerald's rendering of Omar Khayyán, where he says—

"Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and saint, and heard great argument
About it and about; but evermore
Came out by the same door where in I went.

"With them the seed of wisdom did I sow,
And with my own hand wrought to make it grow;
And this was all the harvest that I reaped—
'I came like water and like wind I go.'

"Into this universe, and *why* not knowing
Nor *whence*, like water willy-nilly flowing;
And out of it as wind along the waste,
I know not *whither*, willy-nilly blowing."

While speaking of the supernatural in this our twilight knowledge of things, I am reminded of a curious story that was

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told me by Sir John Pringle. In the summer of 1863 we were spending a few months at Dunkerque. The English consul at that time was Sir John, then Major Pringle. We saw a good deal of the family, and one day, during a walk over the dunes, after we had been talking of those "bodings unsanctioned by the will which teach us to beware," Major Pringle related the following curious fulfilment of a dream. When a boy of fifteen, he dreamt that he met with a strange accident—that he had fallen, in fact, into the crater of an active volcano, and was only rescued from his perilous position, by means of ropes, with great difficulty, after many hours, it seemed, of durance.

The dream was so very vivid and circumstantial that it made a great impression on the boy's mind, and he mentioned

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it to several people. Years passed away, when Pringle chanced to be in Sicily, and here he joined a party of young Englishmen in making the ascent of Mount Etna. They attempted too close an examination of the crater; Pringle lost his footing, and was precipitated into a cuplike depression, from which it was impossible for him to extricate himself. In this terrible predicament the recollection of his dream flashed upon him. For years he had never thought of it, but now the horrible nightmare was reproduced in all its fearful realism. After a long and anxious delay he was rescued by means of ropes, precisely as he had been in his dream. Sir John Pringle was a man of undoubted veracity, and, though a Scotchman, was not addicted to a belief in second-sight.

I mentioned the incident to Dr. Robert Chambers, and found that he also had

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heard at first-hand this curious story of Sir John Pringle's dream and its fulfilment.

Dr. Chambers was in all business matters the most practical of men, as his own successful career abundantly proved, yet everything that was romantic, and everything that touched upon the mystery of our being, had a strong fascination for him. I remember his expressing much interest in an experience of my own in dreaming. The circumstances I told him were as follows:—When I was nearly seventeen, my family were threatened with a severe pecuniary loss, which, had it come about, would have affected us all very gravely indeed. For two or three months the chances hung almost even in a balance. The fear of ill is worse than the ill we fear. Being young at the time, I felt the anxiety with all the strength, and perhaps with something of the ex-

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aggeration, of youth. My days seemed bereft of hope and sunshine, my forebodings were dark and gloomy in the extreme. During the whole stress of this time—and I state the simple fact—my dreams were nightly and continuously calm, solacing, and delightful, as I had never known them before or since. Again and again in my sleeping fancy I was treading a sweet, sun-chequered woodland path, fairer than any spot on earth, and I was like the birds, gay and blithe. But most frequently I fancied myself seated by the banks of a river whose waters lapped against the tremulous sedges, and I was happy and peaceful, perpetually weaving my thoughts into storied prose or verse. My songs were lost, as the blue smoke that curls up from the cottage roof is lost in the sky above the trees, but I had all the poet's joy in the making of my

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songs. Except for these fancied wanderings by wood and stream, which are strongly retained in my memory, there was nothing very circumstantial in my dream-life, and I never asked myself why I was happy. But of this I am sure—that I was thereby helped to bear what had to be borne. Physiologists may show that this is the simple compensating action of the brain, common enough in criminals awaiting their execution and others. Memory does not always record our dreams. Anyhow, I find myself for once in agreement with an Irishman—he that blessed the man who invented sleep.

Dr. Robert Chambers and his family resided for some years in London, where their house became the centre of a most agreeable circle, including not only the cream of English science and literature, but attracting from time to time a delightful

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and racy infusion of Scottish intellect to the gathering. I well remember how our genial host and his guests from the other side of the Tweed tossed to and fro some of those wise Scotch sayings that have in the kernel such humour and such subtle knowledge of human frailty. And then the inimitable telling of many of these stories—let him suffer an anathema who dares repeat them in the dead level of pure English undefiled. I, for one, cannot recall them, for the dialect will not tack itself on my memory.

Janet Chambers, who, to the grief of all who knew her, died early, was living when her father resided in London. She was a very interesting and beautiful girl, highly gifted, but with the nervous temperament of genius. Her conversation was full of enthusiasm, and, in consequence, most attractive. She was an excellent example

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of great seriousness and discrimination in the acquisition of knowledge. I remember her saying to me, that in the multitude of books the first necessity in study is the courage to abstain from discursive reading. In one of the many pleasant letters I received from Dr. Chambers there occurs the following passage :—

" It is very kind of you to say what you do of my daughter Janet. I may remark of her that she manifests great interest in all matters pertaining to progress, and is really a hard student. . . . I hope that you and she may be hereafter better acquainted."

In an earlier letter, after commending the style of a young writer in whom he was interested, Dr. Chambers goes on to say—

" I must not omit to remark that matter is more important than form of writing. I

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should therefore advise . . . to cultivate branches of knowledge—subjects—materials—things to write about. Even one solid acquirement—how valuable."

Dr. Robert Chambers rarely failed to be present at the annual meetings of the British Association, and many a pleasant time in my memory is on these occasions connected with his genial presence.

He evinced much interest in a paper that I contributed to the Chemical Section of the Glasgow Meeting, in 1855. The subject of my paper was, "The Apparent Mechanical Action accompanying Electric Transfer." I gave therein details of some curious experiments on the subject, which my husband left unfinished, and which I carried to a satisfactory issue after his death. Sir Roderick Murchison wrote to me as follows:—

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"September 16, 1855.

"My dear Mrs. Crosse,

"It gave me great pleasure to be in any way useful in bringing before the Chemical Section your interesting and clear explanation of the processes which your lamented husband had completed, to establish his ingenious and original discovery. I took the paper myself to the Chemical Section, and impressed forcibly on the president the propriety of doing every honour to the memory of Mr. Crosse. . . ."

Lord (then Dr.) Playfair at the same time wrote me a kind letter, in which he said—

"Your paper was read to-day to a crowded audience, which evinced much interest in it. I supported the views which you had given, and expressed the

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opinion that the experiment was conclusive, paying you a deserved compliment for continuing the inquiries left uncompleted by your husband. Professor Miller followed, and expressed himself perfectly satisfied with the experiment; and Mr. Gassiot passed a high eulogy on your husband and his labours, and admitted fully your experiment. . . ."

The matter is too purely technical to dwell upon in this place, but the testimony of these scientific men was very important, because the year previously, when Mr. Crosse brought the subject before the Liverpool meeting, his views had met with opposition. This feeling finds expression in a letter from Mr. Hopkins, the mathematician, who, on reading the reports of the Glasgow meeting, wrote to me as follows:—

"I gave up my visit to the British Asso-

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ciation this year (1855) very reluctantly. . . . You will perhaps recollect I heard Mr. Crosse explain his experiment with characteristic clearness last year. I considered then that something was wanting to the complete *demonstration* of his views, and I am truly glad to learn that that something has been supplied."

Mr. Crosse's contention as to the peculiar power of nascent gases liberated under electric action has surely the possibility of practical issues? The present condition of our knowledge and the "kinetic theory of gases" seem, in view of further advance, to point to the investigation of the *mechanical* basis of chemical energy.

Mr. Gassiot, whose name occurs in Lord Playfair's letter, was more than once our guest at Fyne Court. He had given much time and attention to improvements in the voltaic battery, and in the construction of

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delicate apparatus for testing the presence of electricity. The result of his labours is matter for ancient history now, but those who did yeoman's service in the wide domain of electrical science should be held in honoured remembrance. Intellect, and the achievement of intellect, are the gauge we naturally apply in our record of men—but, all said and done, how often the human side of the character is best remembered. I was told by one who never forgot the incident, that Mr. Crosse, at a political meeting, uttered this sentiment: "I value," he said, "one ounce of knowledge more than a ton of gold, but I value one grain weight of human kindness more than a ton of knowledge." Happily there are many kind people in this mixed world of ours, and Mr. Gassiot was one of them. Not so very long since I received a letter from Lady Ramsay, who said, "At dinner I sat

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next Mr. Gassiot, son of your old friend, and he spoke so delightfully about your husband, I longed for you to have heard him. He said one of the most lasting and pleasant memories of his boyhood was a visit with his father to Broomfield. The impression of Mr. Crosse's *utter* truthfulness was something never to be forgotten, and always pleasant to think about."

Mr. Hopkins, whose letter I quoted in a former page, is associated in my mind with much pleasant hospitality at Cambridge, and the opportunity then afforded me of making the acquaintance of several interesting people—Professor Adams, the astronomer, amongst others. He was a bright, cheery little man, ready to give himself any amount of trouble to help a friend. A guest of Mrs. Hopkins's expressed, in the vague, general kind of way that ladies have of saying things, a desire

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to gain information on a subject that interested her; the next morning the distinguished astronomer arrived laden with ponderous volumes — the references all carefully indicated. Professor Adams had a slight peculiarity in his speech—he seemed to put the letter *n* after an *s*. He was describing the departure of the Princess Royal after her marriage, when he caused untimely risibility by saying that "the Princess was *snobbing* all the way to the railway station." He meant, of course, sobbing.

There was a general expectation that Professor Adams would add further discoveries to the splendid work of calculation which led to the finding of the planet Neptune, but, in popular estimation, his own early fame was the serious rival of his later achievements in astronomy. The fact is Adams's work, from the extremely

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abstruse nature of his mathematical calculations, could not possibly appeal to the public at large. The lunar and planetary theories may be said to have been his chief interest. The result of his calculations on the recurrence of the great meteoric showers, and his investigations on the effects of the earth's eccentricity on the mean motion of the moon, have been received in face of much opposition. In referring to the estimate in which Professor Adams's work is held by scientific men, my friend Mr. Bicknell recently remarked to me, "that it would be no exaggeration to say that no Englishman, and perhaps no foreigner, has ever been so profound a master of the most abstruse and delicate analytical methods in mathematics." It appears that Adams has left many investigations in manuscript, including some finished calculations in terrestrial magnetism.

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This remarkable man, as I knew him in former years, could unbend the bow more readily than most people, and was far from disdaining a joke and a hearty laugh. He once wrote me a humorous letter about the moon's ill-behaviour to him, referring to a fortunate evening for observatory work, when he had been our cicerone along the stellar pathway of the heavens.

There are many men now living who retain a vivid and kindly recollection, and who delight to talk of their famous mathematical tutor, Mr. Hopkins of Cambridge. Mr. Spence told me that Mr. Hopkins had been a farmer in Suffolk till he was nearly thirty years of age, when taking up with mathematics he made an eminently successful career, both professionally and with respect to original discovery. Certain problems in geology—such as the motions of glaciers, the cleavage in rocks, the

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porosity of metals, and the question of the thickness of the earth's crust—a question he approached by calculations on the amount of processional motions—were all brought by him within the scope of mathematics. Notwithstanding the abstract nature of his studies, Mr. Hopkins was a charming companion, even to the uninformed. He was gifted with a large share of intellectual sympathy. Except for physiology, a branch of knowledge which he held in distaste, he was ready and able to talk on every subject that cropped up in the discursiveness of general conversation. Some one has said a mathematician is a man who walks backwards and forwards in a dry ditch. This could in no way be said of him. Mr. Hopkins had a fund of anecdote, always genial anecdote; if a great name was mentioned you were sure to hear something good of that man;

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it was not his habit to belittle any one. Once I recollect he made a severe remark on a portrait of Whewell, where the Master of Trinity is represented standing at his full height, an imposing presence—with his hand on a bust of Newton, whom he appeared to be patronizing!

Speaking of Whewell, I heard at the time, but not from my host, the following characteristic story. On the occasion of a rather ceremonious dinner-party in Cambridge, it chanced that the order of precedence had not been well maintained, and the Master of Trinity found that his wife was about to be taken down by a gentleman whose University standing did not qualify him for the honour. "Impossible," said the Master, interposing; "I will take Mrs. Whewell in to dinner myself;" and straightway led off his wife in the proper order of their going.

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One of Mr. Hopkins's favourite pupils was Mr. Fawcett. He could never speak without emotion of the terrible accident that deprived his young friend of sight. Mr. Hopkins stated that for a fortnight Fawcett utterly succumbed to the deepest depression, as if he had no further hold on life. But at the end of that time he is said to have roused himself by a supreme effort of will, resolving to carry through in all respects the career he had marked out for himself. Fawcett has left the world a rare example of cheerfulness under one of the heaviest inflictions that can befall a scholar. There is a compensation in things, for him especially who has "a mind not to be changed by place or time." How many others whom the fates have spared, and to whom fortune has denied nothing, yet with a morbid capacity for suffering, talk of—

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——"This strange disease of modern life,
With its sick hurry, its divided aims."

Those who have heard Mr. Fawcett's eager conversations, as I remember when meeting him at Mrs. Peter Taylor's, and marked his ready grasp of every note in the gamut of his neighbour's talk, would, I think, receive the conviction that he, at all events, blind though he was, found health and happiness in his life.

Mrs. Peter Taylor's receptions were given twice a month in the winter and spring, for several years, and very entertaining they were, the more so because one met people there who did not mix in general society. Evening dress was not indispensable, and the result was that the strongest-minded ladies and the most socialistic gentlemen were conspicuous for the severity, not to say the ugliness, of their garments. There was nothing in

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the least Bohemian in the handsome, well-ordered house, but the society was amusingly incongruous. Those persons who posed as heterodox in their religion and revolutionary in their politics were certain to be met at Aubrey House; at the same time there was a fair contingent of ordinary mortals. It was doubtless a good thing for these latter to have the calm surface of their settled opinions ruffled occasionally by strange winds of doctrine.

It was, and indeed is, one of the most agreeable features of London society that one can belong to different sets. Nothing could be less scientific, literary, or revolutionary than the agreeable circle at Mr. Serjeant and Mrs. Kinglake's, and at two or three other houses, where the guests were almost exclusively members of the Bar and their families, when they had any

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family. Not a few of the more distinguished lawyers of that day, like High-Church curates, adopted what *Punch's* mother of many daughters called "the sad heresy of celibacy."

I have remarked that the conversation in legal circles is generally very personal and very amusing. Some one has said that the most ill-natured gossip is only an inverse love of our fellow-creatures. But ill nature would be always out of court, and rightly so; the hardest things as a rule that lawyers say of one another is in that light sword-play of wit, which shows up the foibles of an antagonist.

Sir William Grove, author of the "Correlation of the Physical Forces," was almost the solitary instance of an eminent scientific man and a successful lawyer in one and the same person. On one occasion when Bovil and Grove were in opposition

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about some chemical patent case, Lord Westbury observed that Bovil was at a disadvantage, for with Grove science was his normal state. When the hearing of the case was deferred, Lord Westbury said to Bovil, "I wonder you like to go about for three weeks in a state of scientific cram." Samuel Warren's harmless vanity and his eccentricities were a perennial source of amusement in those days. When he was appointed as one of the Masters of Lunacy in 1859, Lady Arthur Russell is reported to have said that "he might sit on his own case."

It will be remembered that when the late Prince Consort wished to restrain the publication of certain letters which had been got hold of, he applied to the Court of Chancery. Samuel Warren, who had the conducting of the case, began a string of fulsome compliments to his Royal

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Highness for condescending to use the ordinary terms, such as "your petitioner humbly prayeth, etc." He was going on in this ridiculous strain, when Lord Westbury, then Sir Richard Bethell, whispered to him, "Warren, don't make such an infernal ass of yourself." The most amusing thing was, that Warren himself frequently repeated the story. But sometimes the humour was due to Warren's own wit. A friend of his, a man of great distinction, had the habit of perpetually grumbling about everything that happened to him; he was one of those who cannot be cheerful over the fact that "now up, now down, the world's one see-saw." One day he had been harping on the usual theme, complaining of his lot in life, when Warren broke in with the remark, "Well, I feel for you; you have a charming wife, nice children, and good and increasing income,

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and you have a European reputation, but you are not Emperor of Morocco, and naturally you feel aggrieved." Mr. Warren was an instance of a man of great literary power, if not genius, who could at times say exquisitely witty things, but who never understood the art of conversation.

Mr. Richard Westmacott, whom I frequently met at the Kinglakes' in Eaton Square, was one of the best examples I know of a man who had cultivated the *art* of talking well. He was a great favourite in society, and was full of anecdote, but rather deficient in a sense of humour. He remarked to me one day, when we were discussing sculpture, that it is a mistake to represent wings on the human figure, for the anatomy of the body does not provide for the musculation of wings. Whereupon I quoted some absurd lines from "The Paradise of Birds," which I think run thus:—

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"Man that is born of a woman,
Man, her un-web-footed drake,
Featherless, beakless, and human,
Is what he is by mistake.
For they say that a sleep fell on Nature,
In the midst of the making of things,
And she left him a two-legged creature,
But wanting in wings."

My harmless little pleasantry elicited no smile, and to escape from the imputation of frivolity I plunged at once into that grave question of whether or not the Reformation was responsible for the decadence of art. Mr. Westmacott replied that though the sixteenth century gives a date to false style and corruption of taste, we may look to other contributory causes besides the Reformation. He pointed out that Torregiano's work in Henry VII.'s Chapel is conspicuous for the introduction of accessories of classical origin that do not harmonize with the old simple character of mediæval design. Mr. Westmacott's

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conversation on this occasion, and, indeed, on every other when I had the pleasure of meeting him, was full of information and direction; for he showed one how to approach subjects of inquiry. Another useful lesson to be learnt is what to do with your facts when you have got possession of them. At a party at Mrs. Barlow's long ago, I remember Mr. William Longman saying to me, "If you will allow me, I will introduce to you Sir Emerson Tennant;" adding, "he has the best tabulated mind of any man in London. If he is told anything of permanent interest he at once places it dully labelled in the proper pigeon-hole of his memory." I never forgot this useful hint; it is not difficult after all to induce a sense of order in the habit of memory.

But to return to the causes of the

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decadence of art. I ventured to quote to Mr. Westmacott, Victor Hugo's remark that "printing had killed architecture." The latter points out that "architecture was the great book of humanity. The born poet became an architect, and epics took the form of cathedrals. But printing," Hugo says, "made human thought more imperishable and more volatile; no longer confined to time and place, it spreads itself over all space, binding the past with the present." Notwithstanding what the Frenchman says, man remains the builder, and each age is characterized by his material work. The lake dwellings, the earthworks, the fortress-castles, and the Gothic sanctuaries have each had their time, and this is the age of bridges. We span sea and land to make ways for passing to and fro to the uttermost ends of the earth, for the law of change, at

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least economic change, has received an acceleration of force.

I asked the question, I remember, without any intention of provoking so amiable a man as Mr. Fergusson, but I did provoke him a little by asking him why he had not given any account of the fortress-churches of Transylvania in his "History of Architecture." He replied that he had always intended to include these border churches in his book, but he failed to get the details and illustrations that were needful. I had recently returned from that "odd corner of Europe," and Mr. Fergusson was interested in what I was enabled to tell him of these buildings, which, erected by the Saxon immigrants of the twelfth and succeeding century, were at once a church, a granary, a place of refuge, and a fortress—the latter very necessary at a time when all this land

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was harried by the Turks. Mr. Boner * gives the most complete accounts we have of these strongholds, both as regards their past history and present condition, but the earlier work of Mr. Paget on Hungarian travel was the first to direct attention to the distinctive character of these Transylvanian churches. It is remarkable that a man who published his book as long ago as 1839, and whose travels actually took place four years earlier, should have died only a few months since. Mr. Paget went to Hungary merely for the pleasure of travel—the writing of his book, now a standard work, was an afterthought—but the place and the people threw their glamour over him. He married a sister of the great patriot Baron Wesselényi, bought a property near Thorda in Transylvania, and resided all his long

* "Transylvania: its Products and its People."

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life in the country of his adoption. I had the pleasure of making Mr. Paget's acquaintance when I was at Budapest in 1876. I was glad of the opportunity of thanking him for his hospitality to my eldest son when he was taking a riding tour in Transylvania the year before. Mr. Paget had all the appearance of a thorough-going Englishman — a country gentleman of the best type, who, belonging to an older generation, might to all appearance never have travelled further than Paris and down the Rhine. As a matter of fact Mr. Paget had gone through most exciting experiences; he had completely identified himself with the interests of Hungary, sympathizing most warmly with the revolution of 1848.* We all

* It was generally understood that the most graphic accounts appearing in the English papers during the Kossuth era were from the pen of Mr.

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know how the patriotic struggle ended for the brave Hungarians, overborne at length by the united forces of Austria and Russia. The sequel to the War of Independence is among the blackest records in the history of our century—the Austrians revenged themselves with a savage brutality that knew no countersign of mercy. Amongst my Hungarian friends I have, or rather I had, many who had been actors in that terrible drama. Time, for very pity's sake, helps to make history, in a sense, impersonal, but it brings a lump in one's throat to hear the living story from living lips that, bravest in battle, yet have paled at the near presence of an ignoble death. I was present at a supper-party at Budapest, where five of the most

John Paget, who fought in the revolutionary ranks. He was born in Leicestershire in 1808, and died in Transylvania in 1892.

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distinguished guests of the evening had been condemned to death in 1849; they had escaped, some by flight or romantic chance, while others had been pardoned by an act of clemency that was expediency writ in cypher.

One of the Hungarian gentlemen present on the occasion I mention was Baron Nicolas Vay. He had been condemned to be shot in 1849, a sentence that, owing to the importunities of his devoted wife, was commuted to imprisonment for life in a fortress. After an imprisonment of ten months, which was shared by his wife, he obtained his release.* To the eternal honour of the Emperor of Austria be it said that, as soon as he was his own master, he threw over the evil tradi-

* Generals Aulich, Nagy, Knezich, Count Leiningen, and many others of the officers in the Hungarian army, were *hanged* at Arad in 1849.

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tion of his house, and became heart and soul King of Hungary. In the case of Baron Vay, he was not only pardoned, but taken into royal favour. I retain as a curiosity one of the baron's visiting cards, that he had left in calling upon us at our hotel in Budapest; according to foreign fashion, his official titles appear. Amongst other dignities he is, I see, "*Chambellan Conseiller intime de Sa M. imp. royale*," etc., etc. This fine old gentleman is still living; his wife, who was the most valued friend I had in Hungary, died about five years ago. She was a truly admirable woman, full of interesting anecdotes about Széchényi and the distinguished men of his time.

Mr. Paget brought his wife in 1849 to England, remaining here during the acute stage of the political troubles in Hungary, but his property there suffered

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severely, and for some years he was an object of suspicion to the Austrians. The officials in Vienna actually sent over to England to find out, if possible, something against Mr. Paget or his forbears, with the result that they made some ludicrous mistakes. The Englishman, nothing daunted, returned to Hungary; it was a sad time, but human affairs shake down somehow, and the necessary routine of life is in itself a peacemaker. When Mr. Paget left he had walled up his valuable cellar of wine, the produce of extensive vineyards. The mason betrayed his secret, and the Russians drank or wasted all his wines. Other property, however, was preserved to him by the loyalty of a neighbour. Mr. Paget made a remark that ought very significant after his wide experience of life; he said, "There is more good than evil in the worst of men."

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When I was at Budapest I met General Görgey on one occasion at dinner; he was not a person who inspired any instinctive sympathy. He bore the mark of an ugly sabre cut on his forehead—there were men then living who did not scruple to say they wished the blow had gone deeper ere the evil day when he surrendered the Hungarian army to the Russians at Világos in 1849.

About the same time we made the acquaintance of Vambéry, whose writings and personality are well known in England. He speaks our language with a volubility only possible from the lips of a Hungarian. He literally poured forth torrents of instructive information during a morning call, but I am ashamed to say that my only tangible recollection of this historico-political discourse was a remark on the growing importance of Budapest

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as a *centre* in the future of commerce. Late events have justified Mr. Vambéry's forecast. This year the great work of removing the Iron Gates of the Danube has been commenced, and it is only a question of time, when the Hungarian capital will really become "*un port de mer*," as her politicians have always said it would be.

The Magyar language unfortunately fixes a great gulf between their literature and the rest of Europe. But their popular novelist, Jokai, is familiar to us through German and English translations. When in Hungary I heard complaints from his Magyar critics, that he had ceased to be national, having fallen under the influence of the French school. Baron Eötvös, who was minister of "Cultus and Education" in the first independent Hungarian ministry of 1848, and again held the same

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portfolio under Andrassy in 1867, wrote a novel, which in its English translation bears the title of "The Village Notary." The plot is full of thrilling interest; it holds you in its grip, and stamps on the mind an indelible picture of what Hungary was before the revolution. It is more than a novel; it is a chapter of history of very remarkable significance, before the old order of things were changed, giving place to new.

The roll-call of Hungarian worthies may recall but few familiar names to this generation, but in my girlhood Széchényi, Batthyanyi, Wesselényi, Kossuth, and Petoefi—the brilliant young poet, whose fate remains a mystery to this day—were heroes to all lovers of freedom and progress. One name greater than them all is that of Déak, whose statesmanlike policy of conciliation has restored pros-

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perity to a disunited empire. I remember hearing Sir John Bowring speak of Déak as the "leader and the peace-giver to the Magyarland," adding that "he stood the first among men who out of elements apparently irreconcilable have produced a fusion of thought and feeling, and a sincere co-operation for the sake of national regeneration." Sir John Bowring, with his knowledge of the Magyar tongue, and his wide experience of Eastern Europe, was a man well qualified to give expression to the universal feeling and opinion regarding the great statesman.

The following rather amusing story will help to show how Francis Déak was beloved and respected by his countrymen of all grades. The story was related to me by Baroness Rachel Banffy when I was last in Hungary.

In the year 1867 a band of robbers sur-

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prised a country gentleman's house by night. They were in considerable force, and no resistance was possible. They requisitioned stores of all kinds, and being well armed, there was very little parleying over the money they thought proper "to borrow." The "Poor Lads," as they were styled professionally, were so unsophisticated in those days, that they have been known to return money so borrowed to the needy and the widowed, after the manner of our own Robin Hood. On this occasion, the captain and some of his men went the round of the rooms, collecting all the valuables of a portable nature. Among others, they entered the guest-chamber, which had for its occupant the great patriot Francis Déak. The robber chief quickly possessed himself of a very handsome gold watch and chain which was lying on the table. The statesman was equal to the

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occasion; he told the robber at once who he was, adding that he hoped they would not take his watch, as it had been given him by a dear friend, now no more. The appeal was successful; the chief immediately handed back the watch, apologizing very much "for breaking the repose of honoured Francis Déak, whom they held in great respect," adding, "that the nature of their occupation obliged them to make use of the hours of the night for their work." The robber captain, availing himself of this rare chance of interviewing the patriot, now seated himself by Déak's bedside, and they had a long chat over political affairs. When at length the intruder took his leave, it was with many expressions of respect; the sincerity of the feeling was shown by the restoration to the master of the house of a considerable portion of the plunder they had taken when un-

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aware that the roof covered so honoured a guest.

When political and administrative affairs became more settled in Hungary, many of these robber chiefs were turned into magistrates, with Government pay, and very useful men they have generally proved themselves.

After my return from one of our several visits to Hungary, I remember meeting Professor Ansted, a man of much available information. It was at a dinner-party at the Percys', and we had an interesting talk about the Danube country, which he too had recently visited. It is curious to think of that miocene period, when the pent-up waters of the great river formed a vast inland sea, with a fringe of active volcanoes vomiting forth trachytic and basaltic lava.

What a fascination there is in the study of geology! It is a travelling companion

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that has the power of interesting one at every step of the way. It was my good fortune many years since to make a tour through a part of Germany and Switzerland with our friends, Sir Andrew and Lady Ramsay. The distinguished geologist was then Professor Ramsay, and had not yet given to the world his theory of glacial action in causing the formation of lake basins. All glacial phenomena, wherever found, or wherever suspected, was a matter of the highest interest to him. His wife once laughingly told him that she thought he would better appreciate her if she had a few ice-scratchings on her face.

I remember Robert Chambers remarking that Ramsay was an instance of the good resulting from the British Association meetings. It was in 1840, at the Glasgow meeting, that young Ramsay, then about to enter on a commercial career, chanced

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to exhibit a map and model he had made of the island of Arran, and this so attracted Murchison and other scientific men then present, that he was invited to take up geology professionally. As we know, events justified his yielding to the strong bent of his inclinations, for he brought to his new career that capacity for hard work which alone makes genius successful. On the death of Sir Roderick Murchison, in 1872, Ramsay was appointed to succeed him as Director-General of the Geological Survey.

The little tour I remember so well was made in company with the Ramsays in 1860. There was a pleasant sojourn of a week or two at Baden Weiler, in the Black Forest. A glorious morning spent in making the ascent of the Hoch Blauen comes before me most vividly as I write. It is a mountain humble enough when

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reckoned amongst the great ones of the Alps, but it is well placed for commanding a fine view of the plain between the Vosges and the Black Forest, and one could imagine that in former times a great lake occupied the level which is now intersected by the silver thread of the Rhine. The man of science, with his gift of words, brought the changes of the past before his companions in a way that made one think a geologist must have a sixth sense. This reminds me of an incident Dr. Percy once mentioned to me. On one occasion he went to Winchelsea with Sir Roderick Murchison, who had never been in the neighbourhood before. "But," said Dr. Percy, "such was Murchison's power as a geological surveyor, that his knowledge had almost the appearance of intuition. He took advantage of a small eminence which afforded an extensive view, and then

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described the strata and the geological changes, as if it was all written out before him on an open scroll."

Sir Andrew Ramsay was something more than a geologist; he was not only well read in history, but he was a man who *felt* history, recognizing the abiding Nemesis that awaits the wrong-doers among nations. I recollect standing with him and other friends on the terrace of Heidelberg Castle, when he gave utterance to a fine burst of indignation against the French of the time of Turenne, who brought slaughter, fire, and desolation, not only to the good old town of Heidelberg, but to the whole length and breadth of the Palatinate. When Time the avenger brought the Franco-Prussian war to its final and tremendous issue, I thought of Sir Andrew Ramsay's prophetic words spoken just ten years before. They were words which

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made the deepest impression upon me at the time.

Sir Archibald Geikie * mentions Keats as one of Ramsay's favourite poets. But if quotation and frequent reference to other writers may show both knowledge and liking, then had the author of "Endymion" many rivals. Ramsay had Chaucer at his command, and he felt an immense interest in the "Niebelungenlied," showing that in sympathy he could go back to the literature of a distinctly past age, as easily as he could recreate in theory a remote geologic period. Sir Andrew, like Davy, Faraday, and many other men of science, was a reader of novels, and, what was rather curious, he would often re-peruse old favourites; but I once found him very enthusiastic over a new-comer — Mr.

* Obituary notice of Sir A. C. Ramsay, in the *Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society*, May, 1892.

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Hardy's first novel, "Under the Greenwood Tree."

On one occasion when dining at the Ramsays', I was the first to arrive, but immediately afterwards came in Mr. Fergusson, looking radiant. The old bachelor, rubbing his hands "in invisible soap and in imperceptible water," told us gleefully that he had met with a book that delighted him. "Could we guess what it was?" Our thoughts naturally reverted to some new work corroborating possibly his views on "Tree and Serpent Worship," or clearing up difficulties in defining the "Ancient Topography" of Jerusalem; but nothing of the kind. "Name the book which has pleased you so much," we all exclaimed in chorus. "'Helen's Babies,'" he replied quite gravely; "I have read it twice within a week." It may be remembered that this amusing little volume was the story of a

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young bachelor's experience when left in charge of his sister's children. Let us draw an inference. As long as human nature is what it is, not all the competitive examinations in the world, together with the depressing influence of "superior people," can utterly extinguish amongst us the innate love of idle tales and romances, which dates from the time when "Jack the Giant Killer" was first held as common property amongst the Aryan races.

To return to our dinner-party, where all went merry as a marriage bell, though eight different nationalities were represented. Our host was himself a capital talker. Dean Stanley once remarked of a friend that "he was an upright and a downright man." The same words might have been fitly applied to Sir Andrew Ramsay; he often gave his opinion with unqualified force and vivacity, and men

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were sometimes reminded of the saying that those who play at bowls mustn't mind rubs. What would society be worth if we were all in a state of perpetual agreement? If the millennium follows as consequent on Home Rule, may not the typical Irishman feel his life to be stale, flat, and unprofitable? But it is needless to meet troubles halfway. I am reminded of a quaint old French verse, which done into English says—

> "Some of your griefs you have cured,
> And the sharpest you still have survived;
> But what torments of pain you endured
> From evils, that never arrived!"

The fact is, the boredom of the millennium is scarcely within sight; indeed a shrewd Yankee once remarked, "Talk of the time when the lion shall lie down with the lamb, I guess when that time comes the lamb will be inside the lion."

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From Sir Andrew Ramsay I gathered several anecdotes about Babbage. It chanced, some years since, that one day when Ramsay was walking leisurely along Piccadilly, he met De Fitton, the well-known geologist. "Where are you going?" said the latter. "I am going to the Athenæum to dine." "By yourself?" "Yes." "Then come with me," said Fitton; "I want to see Babbage, and we will get him to dine with us." They called on Babbage and found the philosopher and his calculating machine together. Sir Andrew then went on to describe that Babbage gave them a learned disquisition on his machine, explaining by the aid of numbers and certain curious laws of variation belonging thereto his theory of the miracles. "We could hardly get him away from his subject," said Ramsay; "but he agreed to dine with us, and on our way

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down to the Athenæum we met William Brown, the botanist; he said that he too would join us, making a party of four. The conversation at dinner was very original and amusing; afterwards we sat down to whist and played on till long after midnight. Babbage was a first-rate player."

From Sir Andrew I heard the story, which I believe has been told elsewhere, of Whewell, Peacock, and Babbage walking together across the quadrangle of Trinity, when Peacock observed, "Well, I think we can boast that we are the three ugliest fellows in the University." "Speak for yourself, Mr. Peacock," retorted Whewell in evident annoyance, and, turning round, left his friends to the consideration of "how in minutiæ the character peeps out."

Babbage was a plain man, I must allow, the plainest of the three, I think, but he wore well; in the quarter of a century that

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I knew him he had scarcely altered at all. Early in the Sixties Miss Kinglake and I went one evening to take tea with Mr. Babbage. He had promised to show us some interesting papers respecting Lady Lovelace's mathematical studies, and by arrangement there were no other guests. Mr. Babbage's house in Dorset Street, Manchester Square, was the same that had long been occupied by Dr. Wollaston. It was large and rambling for a London house, having several spacious sitting-rooms, all of which, with the exception of the drawing-room, were crammed with books, papers, and apparatus in apparent confusion, but the philosopher knew where to put his hand on everything. He received us in his unused drawing-room, which looked dreary in the extreme; the furniture had the stiff primness of age and pretension, without a trace of homely use

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and custom. No one could have turned the cat out of the most comfortable chair, as Chaucer's monk did, for no such chair was ever there. The place was dimly lighted by four candles, the grate yawned black and fireless, for it was not yet winter. Coleridge said he did not believe in ghosts; he had seen too many. But no bold sense of scepticism relieved me from the creepy feeling of that hour; every chair had its ghost, and I fancied thin, disembodied forms crowding in at the further end of the room. Was it a trick that the glass gave back a reflection, that was not myself, though I alone stood in front? I am inclined to think that that bewildering and hateful function known as "a spring cleaning" might have rectified the false impressions of the ghostly mirror; but this was an after-thought.

I do not remember, in my whole life, a

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more curious and noteworthy evening than the one I am now describing. Mr. Babbage had reached his anecdotage, was in the mood to be communicative, and my friend Miss Kinglake, claiming the privilege of age, asked without reserve such questions as induced our host to be autobiographical. He told us that not only had he crippled his private fortune by his devotion to his calculating machine, but for this idol of his brain he had given up all the pleasures and comforts of domestic life. He married early, but his wife died while he was a young man. With an amount of feeling that I had never associated with a philosopher who wore the armour of cynicism, he pathetically lamented the dreary isolation of his lot, "for, of course," said he, "fond as I am of domestic life, I should have married again if it had not been for my machine."

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Mr. Babbage was always reticent about his early life, so much so that an impression got about that he was of humble birth. This was not the case. He was born in 1792 at Totnes, in a good old mansion in the town; twenty years ago it was known as "The Castle Inn," and perhaps is still so called. His father, a well-to-do banker, was nicknamed by his townsfolk "Old Five Per Cents.," he talked so constantly about money matters. The eminent mathematician's mother lived to a great age; and I have heard from those who remembered earlier times that she was occasionally to be seen at the brilliant receptions Babbage used to give in the Forties, in this same dreary, ghost-haunted room where we then sat, surrounded by faded hangings and tarnished gilding. In the old days it was the son's greatest pleasure to bring up his most distinguished

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guests to be introduced to his mother, the homely old lady seated on the stiff-backed sofa, the place of honour.

He spoke of his mother on this memorable evening, repeating to us her reply when it became a question whether he should make further outlay respecting the machine, which had already cost his private purse £20,000. The old lady said, with a large-mindedness rare in our thrifty sex, "My dear son, you have a great object in view worthy of your ambition; my advice is, pursue it, even if it should oblige you to live on bread and cheese." Babbage mentions the fact, I believe, in his "Passages in the Life of a Philosopher." I well remember Sir Andrew Ramsay praising this book very highly, as being an autobiography of permanent interest, and he added that the world often owes more to the impetus

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given to progress by a man's mind than to his completed work. This was said, of course, in reference to the calculating machine, which seems to me to have been the bane of his life. I speak as a non-mathematician, and am therefore unworthy to speak; but with Babbage's great powers and practical capacity, his country would gladly have associated his name with something other than a magnificent failure. His conversation on the evening in question made me aware how deeply the disappointment about his work had bitten into the very core of his spirit. His grievance was against Government and their advisers for not advancing funds for the completion of the machine. His grievance was ever present; even the subject of Lady Lovelace, his friend and pupil in science, was not touched upon without reference to an angry dispute with

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Wheatstone and other of Lady Lovelace's friends, who objected to his making a publication of hers a medium for his own griefs. He told us the whole story, but the conviction remained with me that Mr. Babbage was in the wrong. I do not think that it was on this matter that they disagreed; but it was pretty generally known that Babbage and Murchison were never very tolerant of one another. I could not have said to Babbage what I once said with perfect truth to Faraday. I was paying Mrs. Faraday an afternoon visit in their apartment in the Royal Institution, when the philosopher, coming in, greeted me in his vivacious, cheery way, looking in more than his usual good health and spirits. "I see, Dr. Faraday, your friends are right in saying you are looking remarkably well." "My friends say so; but what do my enemies say,

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Mrs. Crosse?" "Enemies! You have none," was my instant rejoinder. "Ah, well, we won't talk of them, at all events," he replied with a genial smile, giving me at the same time a little playful tap on the shoulder. Never was the serenity of any man's inner life more truly expressed than in Faraday's thoughtful and ever kindly face.

Happy are those persons whose spiritual convictions are of a kind that keep them aloof from all religious or anti-religious controversies. This aloofness was Faraday's attitude towards the materialism of a school of physicists on the one hand, and the vexed questions of belief raised by Pusey, Jowett, Maurice, Kingsley, and Colenso on the other. The peculiarity of the movement among the theologians was that heterodoxy, if it be heterodoxy, emanated from within the Church. Ortho-

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doxy in the old sense was placed at this time on a par with the fourth dimension. "To cry after 'dogmatic authority' is to cry for the light of a candle when the sun is shining," wrote Tulloch, in referring to the period. Robertson, in his own spiritually minded way, had recognized the fact that the law of progress demanded "expansion," though not "displacement," in religion as well as in everything else.

In old-fashioned language, one might say, it was a time when there were great part-takings among folks. I saw an instance of this during the British Association meeting at Bath, in 1864. The president, Sir Charles Lyell's inaugural address was given, for the sake of space, in the Bath Theatre. When my friend, Miss Hall, and I arrived there, we found, to our dismay, that every place was taken.

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I managed to have a pencilled note conveyed to Sir Roderick Murchison, and through his kind aid we were admitted, together with some half a dozen other ladies, to the stage, where we found ourselves in proximity with the whole conclave of philosophers. Our chairs were placed sideways under the right wing of the stage, affording us an excellent view of the proceedings. Before the work of the evening commenced there was a murmur of audible conversation. Those who perhaps had not met for years were brought this evening face to face from the uttermost ends of the earth. There was Sir Henry Rawlinson, of cuneiform celebrity, one of the handsomest of the philosophers, and old Sir John Richardson, the Arctic voyager—a vegetarian ever since he had been compelled to eat human flesh—greeting each other. Lord Milton, recently

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returned from the Rocky Mountains, and Dr. Livingstone shared between them Sir Roderick Murchison's attentions. Never before had such a brilliant group of actors in the world-drama been seen collected together on the boards of a provincial theatre, albeit the town was a fashionable resort in the time of the Romans. The climax of excitement occurred when Bishop Colenso took his seat on the committee benches. He was immediately recognized and warmly cheered by a number of persons in the body of the house; this manifestation was immediately replied to by a perfect storm of hissing and hooting. Neither party were content to let their opponents have the last word, and for ten minutes or more the unseemly tumult continued—a tumult so entirely exceptional in the calm domain of science. Yet how infinitely small appeared the

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quarrels, the struggles, and the triumphs of our little day, when we came to consider the great age of the world—the millions of years required in the formation of the strata beneath our feet! This was the subject of Sir Charles Lyell's address. On behalf of geology, he asked for time, more time; he asked for the grant of thousands of centuries, in order to explain what is called the modern period. To illustrate his meaning, Sir Charles told the story of the Irish orator who contributed very parsimoniously to a public charity, and, when expostulated with by a friend, readily doubled or trebled the amount. He excused himself for his seeming want of generosity by saying that his early life had been such a struggle with scanty means, that it took a long while to get the chill of poverty out of his bones. Lyell went on to say that we of this generation

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must get the chill of poverty out of our bones, when asked to make a lavish expenditure of time for geological changes—such, for instance, as the "Malvern Straits"—meaning thereby a channel of the sea which once separated Wales from England. To sum up, for our time and space is not geologic, the address was most interesting and admirably delivered; the speaker had no occasion to interrupt himself, and all went smoothly. Sir Charles Lyell was not a good lecturer; he never could find the right diagram; and by the time his wand, after many perturbations, rested where it should, he had generally lost his place in the manuscript notes on the lecture-table.

The morning after the opening, on Thursday, September 15th, the sections began work, and a flutter of philosophy pervaded the whole place. Like many

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others, we went to the Geographical Section to hear what Murchison had to tell us in his presidential address, of the recent gains made to our knowledge by the travels of Vambéry, Barth, Burton, Speke, Grant, and Livingstone.

There were many notabilities on the platform, amongst them Sir Richard, then Captain Burton. A year or two before this, I had spent a morning in the company of himself and his wife: it was on the occasion of a party being invited to look over the curiosities and treasures belonging to a friend, the morning ending in a luncheon. I thought Sir Richard Burton's face singularly un-English—he gave me the impression of a Spaniard with a strain of the Arab in him. His conversation, if free from any excess of reticence, was very entertaining, but I found myself thinking of the line, "I do not like thee, Doctor Fell."

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Burton was not expected to say anything on this first day of the meeting, because the next morning was expressly set aside for a discussion between himself and Captain Speke, on certain matters in dispute between them respecting the sources of the Nile. It was an open secret that the travellers had no very friendly feeling towards one another. They had been companions on their first exploration in Equatorial Africa, but two years later Speke revisited the Lake Victoria Nyanza with Captain Grant.

Speke was six years younger than Burton, and in appearance the difference was even greater, for the former, a fair man of medium height and slight build, with a genial expression, barely looked his thirty-seven years. These two distinguished men, who were expected to engage the morrow morn in a passage of arms in

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the presence of their peers, were seated apart on the platform, and, as far as I can report, no one saw any mutual greeting.

On Friday, the 16th, knowing the rush there would be for places, we took care to be in the section room in good time. The members flocked in, but strange to say the platform remained vacant. No one appeared, even when the hour for business had struck. Time went on, two or three official secretaries slowly took their places, whispering together. There were signs of impatience in the waiting crowd; but this was quickly subdued by a growing sense that all was not well. No one knew, but there was an impression that something grave and unusual must have happened. At length the committee came in slowly and mournfully, and Sir Roderick Murchison, with deep feeling, announced from the chair the terrible news that

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Captain Speke had been killed the previous evening by the accidental discharge of his gun while out shooting!

Never before or since has a meeting of the British Association been called upon to record an episode so painfully tragic in all the concurrent circumstances!

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OLD MEMORIES INTERVIEWED.

"I HAVE never been able to sit down to remember," said Croker; "conversation," he added, "breaks through the surface that time spreads over events, and turns up anecdotes as the plough sometimes does old coins." So it chanced with me. Recently, in the course of conversation, a friend repeated Landor's well-known lines to Rose Aylmer. There was something in the tone and cadence of the speaker's voice that touched and reverberated on the chord of memory, and, without conscious volition, I recalled what else had been forgotten—an evening long ago, when my husband

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and I were the guests of Walter Savage Landor. It was in the autumn, at his Bath lodgings; we had partaken of our simple dinner on the round table in the same room; twilight had deepened, and the fire-light rather than the antique pair of candles lit up the grim "Old Masters" that crowded all the wall space. But to-night we talked not of the epoch-making Masaccio, or balanced the claims of Mabuse to pre-eminence in the Teutonic school. At other times Landor had much to say on these and kindred subjects; to-night he was not even in the mind for asserting, with his usual unreasoning vehemence, the absolute genuineness of every picture in his possession. This evening the poet's mood was one of peace: he was under the spell of memory; he was thinking of the well-loved Rose Aylmer, the friend of his youth. Landor was peculiarly sensitive to local

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and personal associations. It chanced that we had just come from visiting Mr. Crosse's cousin in Devonshire, Mr. Henry Porter, of Winslade, whose wife was the late Lord Aylmer's niece. This lady had been named Rose Aylmer, in memory of her cousin, for she was born under the same roof, and on the same sad day, when the poet's love had passed away with her crown of twenty years. Thus it came about that we had been talking of the Aylmers and of the days that were no more. Then Landor, in response, began speaking reverently of his own youth, as men do, looking back at the time when they stood expectant on life's threshold—speaking, I repeat, reverently he recalled those early years. It was at Tenby, "Sweet Tenby," when the world was young, where he made the acquaintance of the Aylmers. It was during their pleasant intimacy, when books

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and thoughts were daily interchanged, that the daughter, his especial friend Rose, lent him an Arabian story, which suggested the writing of "Gebir," his first achievement in literature! Rapt in the glamour of the past, we listened to his rising tide of talk, till when he ceased for a space, overborne by the flood of memory, there fell upon us all "the pious silence that gives delight." The silence was broken at length by Landor breathing forth in low but distinct tones his own exquisite lines—

"Ah, what avails the sceptred race!
Ah, what the form divine!
What every virtue, every grace!
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

"Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and sighs
I consecrate to thee."

The effect of the resonant pathos of his melodious voice, together with the glow of

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firelight on features mobile with deepest feeling, so transfigured the old man's face, graven though it was by time and sorrow, that he looked young again, and I could fancy I had for once seen the poet in his prime! "Oh, the soul keeps its youth!" How truly said by her, to whom love and youth came in middle life. There is a fine passage in Landor's "Antony and Octavius," which formed the key-note of much of his more serious moods. He says—

> "My soul
> Assures me wisdom is humanity,
> And they who want it, wise as they may seem
> And confident in their own sight and strength,
> Reach not the scope they aim at."

These pregnant lines help to an understanding of Landor's point of sympathy with Browning, expressed with critical acumen in the verses he addressed to the younger poet, at a time when "none would

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hear his singing." He says that in "modern times"—

> "No man hath walkt along our roads with step
> So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue
> So varied in discourse."

In saying this Landor anticipated by half a lifetime the verdict which a later generation has passed upon Browning's influence as a poet—an influence the chief factor of which is that same *humanity* which the soul assures us is wisdom.

Landor was a man who delighted to talk about his friends to his friends. Of Southey, I remember he had much to say; things such as one loving brother might say of another. The name of Julius Hare was very frequently on his lips, while in his heart the memory of that pure-minded man was canonized. Liberal and free in speech on religion and politics, before it was the vogue to be thus free, yet might Landor's

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friendships have been shared by an archbishop. It is reported of him that he said, "I enjoy no society that makes too free with God or the ladies."

No one could be long with Landor without his speaking of the "large-hearted Forster." I never saw them together, but I have heard Kenyon say that no one understood the subtle charm of Landor's genius better than Forster; and the latter averred that it was not possible to have Landor more at his best than under the hospitable roof of Kenyon.

I met Mr. Forster occasionally in London society, and he gave me the idea that, if taken at his own valuation, he would be quite the biggest person at any dinner-table. He used his wit like a flail, and then looked round as much as to say, "See now, how the air is choked with the chaff of other men's talk." I do not think Crabb

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Robinson liked Forster, though they often met—perhaps because they often met. They had both slightly disparaging anecdotes to tell of each other. As a poor instance of Forster's wit, I remember on one occasion Crabb Robinson told the story of his butler whispering to him at the dinner-table that the soup had run short, whereupon Forster, to the astonishment of his guests, and to the dismay of his serving man, roared out the plagiarism, "Then let there be more mullagatawny soup," at the same time looking round as if he had said a very good thing indeed.

On the other hand, Forster had got hold of the following incident, which he took care to repeat. It must be remembered that the leading event of Crabb Robinson's life was his intimacy with Goethe—"the wisest man I ever knew," as he frequently, perhaps too frequently, reiterated. He

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always declared that it would be impossible to deceive him as to the great German's thoughts and style. The late Mrs. Adolphus Trollope—the Theodosia Garrow of more than one poet's verse—played a trick upon the old man. She pretended to have seen an unpublished letter of Goethe's, from which she said she had made a striking extract, and this was shown to Crabb Robinson. He was taken in, making an elaborate and laudatory criticism on what he believed to be Goethe's opinion. When he had completely committed himself, the lady confessed her fraud. It was never forgiven!

I saw Mrs. Adolphus Trollope early in the Sixties at their charming house in Florence, where her husband and herself had surrounded themselves with a crowd of beautiful and interesting relics. But no other person or object was so interesting

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as herself; she gave me the impression of being made up of what Swift says are the "two noblest things—sweetness and light." I cannot associate her memory with any act or deed the reverse of amiable and kind.

At the mention of the Sixties, memory takes a return ticket to that decade, and by the help of an old note-book I make a "circular tour," including a variety of places and people. Among my artistic acquaintances Rome is associated with several names of interest. There I was introduced to Gibson. I had been warned from the first that his tinted Venus was a subject not to be touched upon; he would not consider it an open question for criticism. He was drawing towards the evening of his life, and his career had been so entirely successful that one might have expected to see in him an expression of assured pur-

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pose well achieved—of satisfaction in his art—a contented mind, in short. On the contrary, his countenance betrayed the reverse of all this. He appeared soured and disappointed; at least, so I thought.

Mr. Parker, the author of "Domestic Architecture in the Middle Ages," was in Rome at the time of my last visit, and he was kind enough to be the cicerone of my friend, Miss Lucas, and myself more than once. When I met him there in 1874 he strongly expressed his disapproval of the way in which in some places the shattered columns and broken masonry had been pieced together, and built up into what Signor Rosa believed to have been their former condition. "This," said Mr. Parker to me, "is not preserving the ruins of Rome; it is making scenes in a theatre." And I think his view of the case is justified. I never think of Mr. Parker without

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at the same time recalling Mr. Freeman, the historian. They squabbled so hopelessly over the churches which were visited during our archæological excursions in Somerset, that for peace sake it was decided that on these occasions Freeman should take the inside of the churches, and that Parker should confine his remarks to the exterior part of the building. Freeman almost invariably ascended the pulpit, and therefrom made his observations on the architecture of the sacred edifice, not sparing the names of those persons who in some cases had carried out what he deemed an injudicious scheme of restoration. There were those who objected to being denounced from the pulpit in this arbitrary manner. But it were a pity if scientific picnics proved as monotonous as the meetings of that mutual admiration society, which bores all outsiders to ex-

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tinction: there are too many, rather than too few, smooth people in the world. Sydney Smith once said of Sir Henry Holland that "he was all mucilage, he was so very bland." He never would have said that of Mr. Freeman, who, doubtless with the improvement of his fellow-creatures in view, had a rare faculty for bullying the ignorant, those who naturally enjoy the stagnation of settled opinions. The question is, who are the ignorant? In Mr. Freeman's classification one was reminded of the French critic who simplified matters by saying, "The fact is, only I and my friends possess any real knowledge;" adding, "I am not quite so sure, however, concerning them."

I witnessed an amusing incident some years ago, at an archæological meeting at Glastonbury, the result of Mr. Freeman's fierce attack upon a cherished local tradition.

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I must premise that all right-thinking men of Somerset believe in King Arthur's burial at Glastonbury. Besides the testimony of the abbey records, Giraldus Cambrensis, as the world knows, has told the story of the finding of Arthur's coffin in the reign of Henry II., in St. Dunstan's cemetery, where the king and the abbot had caused search to be made. On the evening in question Mr. Jones had read a very learned and exhaustive paper on the finding of Arthur's remains in the place to which tradition had assigned them.

It will be remembered that Camden, in his "Britannica," says, "The sepulchre wherein the bones of that famous Arthur were bestowed was of oake made hollow." During the discussion which followed the reading of the paper, Mr. Parker, who was present, remarked "that this mode of burial in a coffin formed of a hollow oak-tree,

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with leaden plates affixed of a cruciform shape, was frequent in early times both in England and France. The graves found by the Abbé Cochet, near Dieppe, which correspond in the manner of burial with the alleged discovery at Glastonbury, are assigned by antiquaries to the Merovingian period."

Now, all this was very satisfactory to the people of Glastonbury, who had crowded into the meeting to hear what the learned men had to say about their local tradition. Alas, for their peace of mind! No sooner had Mr. Parker ceased speaking than up jumped Mr. Freeman, "stout and able, arms and accoutrements all in order," and made such a fierce onslaught on King Arthur's historic credibility, that a groan went out from the assembly. He went on mercilessly sifting the evidence, tearing all pet superstitions and mere probabilities to

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shreds; in short, brutally telling the people of Glastonbury that it was crass folly to talk about the burial-place of a hero whose existence had never yet been proved! This was too much for the townsfolk; a dozen men at least in the body of the hall started to their feet to give forth their reasons, with passionate vehemence, for believing in Arthur's life, death, and burial. But no one's arguments were heard, for the tumult became so great that the scene could only be compared to a political gathering, where the claims of rival candidates were being hotly contested. Several people got up and left the room in high dudgeon, and it was some time before those who remained would listen to Mr. Warre's paper on the primæval tribe of the Cangi and their cattle-stations.

It is said that the new Lectionary was a subject of regret to Mr. Freeman. It was

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his custom to read the Lessons in church, and he missed the fierce delights of "hewing Agag in pieces" with Samuel, and putting "his feet on the necks" of the Canaanite kings with Joshua and his captains.

Speaking of irascible tempers, I am reminded of a story told me by Sir William Boxall, whom I had frequently the pleasure of meeting in literary and artistic circles. He told me that as a young man he had studied in Rome under Fuseli. Amongst the other pupils there was a middle-aged Englishman who was the laughing-stock of the young Italians. On one occasion during the temporary absence of the master, the Englishman became exasperated with the taunts of the foreigners, and a free fight ensued, in which they gave each other bloody noses, and the room became a spectacle by no means edifying. In the

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midst of the turmoil Fuseli returned, and in a furious rage ordered the combatants out of his sight. "Torrigiano may have broken Michael Angelo's nose, but I see no Torrigianos or Michael Angelos here," he exclaimed, with a look of ineffable scorn at his disorderly pupils. "The little man was himself the most irascible of beings," said Boxall. It will be remembered that Benvenuto Cellini tells the original scandal in his autobiography, which book, by the way, Horace Walpole declared was far more exciting and interesting than any novel ever penned. We are apt to forget our old books.

A patient of Sir William Gull's told me that his physician had recommended him to take up natural history as a tranquillizing study. The question arises, are the men who pursue these studies more free from strife, jealousies, and all unchari-

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tableness, than those who are struggling for supremacy in art and literature? Judging from the naturalists I have known, I am inclined to think that, as a rule, they are more tranquil-minded. Kingsley felt the truth of this, when he said—

"Ere I grow too old, I trust to be able to throw away all pursuits save natural history, and die with my mind full of God's facts, instead of men's lies."

I may say the most amiable F.R.S. I ever knew—and I have known a good many—was Mr. Spence, the entomologist. The dear old gentleman was a correspondent of mine for several years, and he was our guest at Fyne Court, so he belongs to the inner circle of friends. It was during the quiet evenings in our Somersetshire home, when there were no other guests, that the gentle naturalist talked in full swing of bird and beast, and all things both

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great and small, well loved by him who had learnt his lesson in Nature's school, where "men's lies" have no authority. I remember once our conversation turned upon what Mr. Spence called the exquisiteness of the instincts of insects. The so-called instinct seems to come curiously near the reasoning faculty. We know that the actions of bees, ants, and other creatures are guided, not by unerring habit, but by the necessity of the case—by expediency, in short, as human affairs are conducted. It might be said in explanation of the conduct of the bee, as of the dog who listened eagerly to the ale-house talk, in the delightful story of "Madame Thérèse," that "*Il connaît la politique.*"

Mr. Spence told the story of a humble-bee having been seen to deliberately drown a wasp, after there had been a fierce struggle between them. The bee did not mutilate

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the wasp, as if it had been the property of a "land-grabber," but he held him under the surface of the water till he was dead. This quarrel resulted doubtless from some private pique, and was not a judicial sentence carried out by the will of the community, as in the incident I am about to relate.

My informant, who stated he was an eye-witness of the occurrence, was a Danish gentleman, Baron Durchinck Holmfeld, whose acquaintance I made through our common friend, Miss Frederica Rowan.

He told me that some years since, the nest belonging to a pair of storks, located near his house, was observed to be the scene of a domestic scandal,—the lady stork had a lover. The husband bird was not one who "lets the wife whom he knows false, abide and rule the house," and he sought the remedy of the law.

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The baron one day, when walking over his fields, was surprised to see a large assemblage of storks standing round in a semicircle, while facing them in the centre, like a prisoner at the bar, stood the guilty Guinevere. Greatly astonished, and very curious to see the issue of this strange proceeding, Baron Durchinck stood aside in concealment. There was much confabulation amongst the storks, after which, apparently in obedience to orders, some half-dozen birds, the lictors of the community, came out from the throng, and immediately set upon the unhappy female, savagely and literally plucking her to death!

The almost superstitious regard felt for the storks in all northern countries is a familiar fact. Whitelocke, in his "Memorials of the Swedish Embassy," in 1653—another delightful *old* book, by the way—mentions that on his return journey,

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travelling from Lübeck to Hamburg, they saw many storks, and a member of his suite shot at and killed one of these birds. Whitelocke whereat warned his people "to avoid offence," as the killing of a stork was considered an ill omen; adding this curious remark, "The report is that these birds will not resort to any place but where the people are free." Again, an instance of the lower animals knowing something of politics. The storks associate only with enlightened people who have won their freedom, because, as a matter of fact, the more enlightened a man is, the more humane he becomes, even towards the brute creation. In south Italy, since they have thrown off the yoke of Bourbon tyranny with its concurrent state of ignorance, I am told there is growing up a strong public opinion for the suppression of cruelty to animals.

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Twelve years ago, being in Rügen—that island-paradise of the Baltic—I heard many well-authenticated stories of the half-human ways of the storks. A year or two before our sojourn in the place, an unusually late spring occurred. The migratory instinct or their weather prophets for once were at fault, for the poor storks arrived in Rügen before the snow was off the ground. The villagers and farmers, seeing their distress, threw open their stables and barns, where the birds gladly took shelter, and where, for nearly three weeks, they fed them upon fish and other things.

From the nature of circumstances, dogs and cats must always be our closest animal friends. We had a cat who frequently accompanied us on our summer evening walks, never failing to do so if she saw Mr. Crosse take out his gun for

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rabbit-shooting. She evinced great excitement when the gun was fired, jumping round like a dog, and sniffing with satisfaction at the rabbits when they were bagged. Early education might, I think, have made a retriever of this cat.

A curious story was told me recently by my friend Miss Warrington, who can vouch for its truth. Some years ago, when living in Somersetshire, she had a Blenheim spaniel, known by the name of Tiny. Once, and once only, Tiny became a mother, when she produced a litter of still-born puppies. We may presume they were buried and put out of mind. Shortly afterwards, Tiny found that the cat at the lodge had a nice little family of lively kittens, and possibly this fact angered her disappointed maternal instincts. Anyhow she managed to purloin one of these kittens, and, horrible to relate, she was

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seen to scrape a hole and actually bury alive her little victim, who was forced down and covered with loose soil. Twelve months afterwards, a very pretty kitten was presented to Miss Warrington, who gave it with many injunctions into the charge of the cook. But the following morning the kitten had disappeared and was nowhere to be found; indeed, three weeks elapsed before it was accidentally discovered alive and well in the cider cellar, in a comfortable nest made of hay and straw. Tiny, it was now proved, had carried off the kitten, and, what was most curious, had been enabled to act as wet nurse, and to nourish the helpless little creature. Pussy grew to be a fine Tom cat, and afforded great amusement to the household by sitting up to beg like his foster-mother; in fact, had all the ways of a dog. The two were devoted to one

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another in a remarkable degree, and long after, when Tiny became paralyzed, the result of a fall, the cat would hardly leave the poor sufferer day or night, and was only removed by main force from the dead body of his friend.

So far had my pen run on with this gossip about pets, and I had two or three more anecdotes to tell—very curious incidents, believe me—when an allusion that occurs somewhere in Sydney Smith's writings was borne in upon my mind and made me feel uncomfortable. "The Scythians," he said, "ate their grandparents when they became troublesome and told long stories." Who knows whether the Eumenides may not suffer a remnant of these useful Scythians to survive even unto our day, to be a terror to our long-winded old fogies, male and female!

I met at dinner recently an old fogey,

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who I am sure has his Scythian waiting for him. He had been harrying the company with stupid remarks about natural history, asking questions, too, that would turn the stomach of a school inspector. At length, in that peculiar tone of voice in which theological questions are uttered in the pulpit, our fogey said, "Has an oyster brains?" "Certainly," replied our host, "for an oyster knows when to shut up."

This reminds me of another repartee. I did not hear it myself; I wish I had, for in years past I often met the hero of the story, Mr. Bonamy Price, and could well appreciate his peculiar power of leadership in talk, a power suggestive of the sound of Scotch bagpipes over and above other musical instruments. On this occasion the leader of talk—some wished he were *Lieder Ohne Worte*—started the subject of the

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generally prevailing ideas about heaven. After the usual hit at the materialistic views of the Mahometan, he turned to an American gentleman at the table, and asked what were his notions on the subject. The Yankee, with his slow, nasal accent, and cool manner, commanding attention, replied, "Wull, my notion of heaven is that of a quiet green place, without money and *without price.*"

Amenity in conversation is a natural gift, without which a man's knowledge is like the virtues without charity—nothing worth. I may instance Sir Arthur Helps as one of the pleasantest talkers of his day; he understood what was suited to conversation, what would elicit an interchange of thoughts. Many subjects are interesting, but require rumination. It has been said that "men cannot tolerate either too little or too much knowledge in their fellow-men."

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I never see one of Vicat Cole's sunny pictures of English landscape without thinking of Sir Arthur Helps, and a bright July day when I made his acquaintance at a picnic on the Surrey hills. There was no sub-acid ingredients in his conversation, even when he told the most piquant stories; many of these good things, characteristic of the remarkable men and women in society thirty years ago, have since become the common property of the *raconteur.*

What impressed me greatly was the strong undercurrent of serious thought in Sir Arthur Helps' conversation. I am not aware that he said anything very profound or anything strikingly original; his philosophy was of the kind wanted for daily use, the mental tea and coffee of our meals, without which we should be sorely at a loss. He was a believer, he said, in "the general rationality and kindliness of man-

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kind," and he evidently accepted these virtues as the current coin to be used in our journey through the world. What a happy scintilla of wisdom there was in that summer noon's talk! Would that I could recall more of its actual substance; fortunately for us there are unremembered things which have helped the soul's growth.

A peculiar charm about Sir Arthur Helps was the playful, winsome way in which he turned from serious discourse to a lighter mood. L. E. L. once remarked that the ridiculous is memory's most adhesive plaster, and as a proof, I recall the following little story as told by Sir Arthur Helps. The son of a friend of his had one day been busily employed making flies for fishing; the little fellow was too young for his work, but he had strong imitative powers, and he had seen his elder brothers so engaged. At length, with a deep sigh, he

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turned to his mother and asked if God made everything. "Yes, everything." "What, flies as well?" "Certainly," rejoined his mother. "Then God has horrid fiddling work to do," observed the boy, with a look of disgust at the results of his own labours.

The giver of this pleasant picnic was Mr. William Pattison, a bachelor friend of ours, who succeeded in making, as some people can do in London without rank or wealth, a very agreeable circle of acquaintances, more or less distinguished in politics or literature. His special *métier* was statistics, and I have heard those persons say, who were competent to judge, that Mr. Pattison stood alone in his capacity for certain branches of work. It has been said by some wit that there are three degrees of unveracity—"Lies, d——d lies, and statistics." The science has had a good

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many hard things said of the use that Buckle and other authors have made of it in the arbitrary classification of facts. In his "History of Civilization," a book that made an immense impression in its day, Buckle appears to assume that human actions are governed by the law of averages; surely does he not mistake a record for an ordinance? I was told by Dr. Noad, a relative of Mr. Buckle, that this remarkable writer was entirely self-taught. His health as a boy was so delicate that he was never sent to school, and was left to learn little or much as he liked, and how he liked. His accumulated knowledge was prodigious and his memory, even about trifling things, most remarkable. A friend of mine when in his company had occasion to refer to the cultivation of rhubarb, whereupon Buckle immediately said, "The plant was introduced into Europe in 1610—I

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mean the common garden rhubarb, which grows wild in the mountains of Syria and Persia." He then went on to say that this must not be confounded with the rhubarb of commerce, adding statistics about the value of the latter as an article of import into Great Britain.

The memory interviewer turns out the lumber-room of forgotten things, finding therein perchance some matters that become interesting, owing to the sequel of events. While reading the "Life of John Murray" only the other day, I came upon a letter from Byron to his publisher, which, strange to say, recalled a quiet morning I had spent, as long ago as the winter of 1853, with our friend Mr. Eagles, when he and his family were residing at Bristol. I always felt it a great privilege to be admitted into his painting-room while he was at work, for, with pencil and palette

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in hand, he was in the humour to talk out of the fulness of his scholarly mind, heeding very little what I said, but knowing all the same that he had a sympathetic listener. I well remember I had been looking round at the odds and ends of pictures, finished and unfinished, that crowded the only free wall spaces of what was more a book-room than a studio, when I came upon a painting that I knew was not by his hand, for it was a portrait, and Mr. Eagles only painted landscapes. The portrait that arrested my attention was that of an old man in a sort of uniform. The eyes, remarkably well painted, had a haunting look of sadness, otherwise there was sufficient power and purpose in the face to remind one of Hogarth's well-known self-portrait.

"That picture has a very remarkable history," said Mr. Eagles in answer to my

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inquiries. "It is the artist's own likeness, painted while he was the inmate of an almshouse in Bristol. The old man was a beggar—at least, he had fallen to that state; but he left our family a very singular and, as it turned out, a valuable legacy."

Mr. Eagles then told me the following story, which I will try to repeat as briefly as may be. Towards the close of the last century, Mr. Thomas Eagles,* the father of our friend, was one day accosted in the street by a poor old man, whose bearing and speech betrayed the fact that he had seen better days. He begged for a pass to St. Peter's Hospital, saying that his family were all dead, and that he had no

* A memorial tablet has recently been placed on the house where Mr. Thomas Eagles lived in Bristol. He was for many years a contributor of literary essays to *Felix Farley's Journal.* His translations of Athenæus appeared in some of the early numbers of *Blackwood's Magazine.*

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wish to live, but only sought a shelter where he might die. Mr. Eagles took the trouble to inquire into the circumstances of the stranger, and finally procured for him a place in the Merchants' Almshouse, where he found himself in comparative comfort. His health improved, and, in fact, he lived on for some few years. Mr. Eagles, who had been warmly interested in this lonely old man from the first, found, on further acquaintance, that he was a person of education, and had had a very varied experience of life. He said he had been a portrait-painter in America, where he had married. He had lost his two sons in the battle of Bunker's Hill; in fact, all his family were dead and gone. Of his origin he never spoke; but he gave the impression that his birth had given him some claim to charity in the city of Bristol.

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Our friend John Eagles, as a boy, remembered "Old Williams" quite well. His father occasionally had him to dine at their own table, when he proved himself a well-bred man, and his talk about art, literature, and his travels was most entertaining.

When the mysterious old man died, it was found that he left a will, bequeathing all he possessed to Mr. Thomas Eagles. The legacy seemed at first very unimportant, for it consisted only of a few books and two manuscripts. One was called the "Lives of the Painters;" the other, the "Journal of Llewellin Penrose, a Seaman." When the latter came to be read aloud, as it was in the family circle, it was found to be most exciting, so exciting, indeed, that John Eagles, then a schoolboy, confessed that he managed to miss the coach that was to have taken him

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to school, that he might remain at home another evening to hear the end of these wonderful adventures. Mr. Eagles had the whole manuscript copied out, with blank leaves, and induced his friends Nicholas Pocock, the marine painter, and Edward Bird, R.A., both Bristol men, to make drawings for the book.

It seemed that the mystery of the old man's life would never be cleared up, and whether the strange adventures with the native Indians and other curious incidents by sea and land were merely fictitious or not remained a puzzle, till the following remarkable coincidence threw a light upon the antecedents of Old Williams.

John Eagles, when telling me the story, made a pause at this critical moment; he mixed some fresh colours on his palette, and readjusted his easel. How exasperatingly slow all these movements seemed!

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Meanwhile, the old man looked out of his frame, his pathetic eyes following me when in my impatience I had moved from one seat to another, for I was in a fidget to hear the end of the story.

Mr. Eagles now begged me to open a drawer in the old-fashioned cabinet that stood at the end of the room, and take from thence a packet of papers docketed "Mr. West's Letters."

These letters I was allowed to read, but their substance, together with the rest of the narrative, I must, for the sake of brevity, tell in my own words. In the summer of 1805 Mr. Thomas Eagles was staying for a short time in London. He had chanced to take up with him the two manuscripts, and they were lying on his drawing-room table in his lodgings, when Mr. West, President of the Royal Academy, called on him. This gentle-

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man, not finding his friend at home, elected to wait his return. To while away the time, Mr. West took up the books on the table, and soon became so absorbed in the contents of "Penrose's Journal" that he forgot how long he was kept waiting.

When at length Mr. Eagles returned, he was beyond measure surprised to find that his distinguished visitor had known Old Williams extremely well, but had completely lost sight of him for years. He identified his writing in the manuscript of the "Lives of the Painters," and further declared his belief that the "Journal" was a faithful account of the author's adventures, for he remembered the writer telling him of several of the incidents that he had come across in turning over the pages. "But, what is more extraordinary," said Mr. West, "had it

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not been for Williams, I should never have been a painter." He then went on to describe that in his boyhood it was this man who inspired him with a love for art, and, amongst other things, he had lent him this very manuscript of the "Lives of the Painters." All this occurred long ago in America; but in later years Mr. West from time to time heard from his old friend, and again they met in London. When West was painting the battle of La Hogue, he made Williams sit for a figure in the boat; but shortly after this he lost sight of him. He suspected he was poor, but Mr. West could never prevail on him to own his poverty or accept money.

The president's letters contained many details of the life of this singular man; but I must hasten to the sequel. Some years after the death of his father, it

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occurred to the Rev. John Eagles to offer the "Penrose Journal" to Mr. Murray, who accordingly bought the first edition,* giving him two hundred pounds for the same—a very substantial legacy to receive from one of whom, indeed, it was truth to say, silver and gold had he none!

The story altogether seemed so striking and interesting, that I urged Mr. Eagles to make these incidents the subject of one of his frequent contributions to *Blackwood.* Nearly two years afterwards, he wrote an article called "The Beggar's Legacy," which proved to be his last contribution to the magazine.†

* "The Journal of Llewellin Penrose, a Seaman." Four vols. 8vo. London: Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street; and William Blackwood, Edinburgh. 1815.

† The article appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* in March, 1855.

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The allusion to the "Penrose Journal" which I recently met with, is in a published letter from Mr. Murray to his wife, in which he says—

"August 15, 1814.

"I have got at last Mr. Eagles's 'Journal of Penrose, the Seaman,' for which, as you may remember, I am to pay £200 in twelve months for 1000 copies; too dear perhaps; but Lord Byron sent me word this morning by letter (for he borrowed the manuscript last night), '"Penrose" is most amusing. I never read so much of a book at one sitting in my life. He kept me up half the night, and made me dream of him the other half. It has all the air of truth, and is most entertaining and interesting in every point of view.'"

I feel sure that Mr. Eagles had never

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heard of Byron's opinion of the "Journal," or he would have mentioned the fact in the course of our conversation. It would have greatly interested him.

How this looking back into the past calls up a crowd of varied thoughts. It becomes a question which gives the greater delight, the pleasures of memory or the pleasures of hope? The latter is but another name for youth itself, but as Browning finely says, when old age comes, we can

> "retire apart
> With the hoarded memories of the heart,
> And gather all to the very least
> Of the fragments of life's earlier feast."

The philosophy of happiness maybe will give the guerdon to memory! To me, I confess the past is full of interest—not merely from a personal view, but with respect to the growth and development of ideas and the progress of the world.

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It is curious in looking back to note the waves of thought that pass with a kind of dynamic force over the average intelligence of the day. The sympathetic vogue of ideas is ever transitory, indeed must be, because the human mind in its inquisitiveness is always desiring some new thing. It is almost as interesting to recall the fashion of thought two or three decades since, as it is to recall the bodily semblance and the spoken words of the people we have known. I well remember the immense interest that was manifested at one time, in reference to everything connected with the Talmud, its moral and religious teaching, and the evidence to be adduced therefrom of the existence of ethical Christianity within the pale of ancient Judaism. In 1867 a writer in the *Quarterly Review* observed that—

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"Turn where we may in the realms of modern learning, we seem to be haunted by the Talmud. We meet with it in theology, in science, even in general literature, in their highways and byways. There is not a handbook to all or any of the many departments of Biblical lore, sacred geography, history, chronology, numismatics, and the rest, but its pages contain references to the Talmud."

The writer of this article, which it will be remembered made a great sensation at the time, was Emanuel Deutsch, a name held in much respect by all Orientalists. He had come to England in 1855, at the invitation of Panizzi, who required the services of a Hebrew scholar at the British Museum. I had on several occasions the pleasure of meeting this remarkable man, who, alas! died too early for the full accomplishment of his life's work. On first

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acquaintance his learning was almost concealed by his modesty, but to congenial listeners he opened out, revealing unconsciously the rare treasures of unfamiliar erudition that he had made his own in the study of antiquity. It was strange and startling to have brought before one the fact that in writings which were practically a sealed book to us, were to be found, as Emanuel Deutsch said, "some of the sublimest ethical dicta known in the history of religious philosophy."

Moreover, it is curious to note that the modern ideas, so vaunted as the outcome of our own time, are, after all, nothing more than new-fangled vestures clothing the same organic body, the self-same indwelling spirit that wrestled with truth in remote ages, and in other climes. May it not be, as Renan says, that, "wearied with the repeated bankruptcies of Liberalism,

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the world may yet become Jewish and Christian!"

It seems impossible for Western intellects to be strongly tinctured with Oriental learning without taking on a certain likeness to their teachers, at the same time falling under the glamour of their fanciful and complex modes of thought. Deutsch speaks of the "grown-up children of the Orient," who in their severest studies find playthings for wisdom's self in weird tales, fairy legends, and festal songs. And he was himself one of these children — of imagination all compact! Once I had the opportunity of seeing how easily he could throw aside the gravity of the student for the sake of amusing others. Our friend Miss Durant had bidden my boys and myself to a children's party at her house, in the Christmas time. We had exhausted the usual games of forfeits and prizes, and

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burnt our fingers over snap-dragon, when at length, the mirth slackening somewhat, Dr. Deutsch, who was one of the guests, offered to give for our entertainment the representation of a summer storm. The only apparatus required was a towel and a tin tray: the towel was bound round the upper part of his head, leaving only part of the forehead visible just above the eyes; the tray was on his knees under the table. The storm-monger in a few words told us of a wide heath in glorious sunshine, when in the still warm air we could hear "the slender clarion of the unseen midge." Then a storm gathers in the west, and suddenly the sky is hidden by clouds, and icy rain-drops fall, and low mutterings of thunder are heard in the distance. Here the performance began and his spoken words ceased. How he pictured the storm by quivering eyelids, by the quick patter-

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ing sound of the raindrops, and the dissonant rolling thunder is more than I can tell, but this I know that he so impelled the workings of my imagination that I seemed to feel the chill and shiver of the storm. I saw it all just as Lowell describes such a scene, where he says—

"Now leaps the wind on the sleepy marsh,
And tramples the grass with terrified feet,
The startled river turns leaden and harsh,
You can hear the quick heart of the tempest beat.

* * * *

The crinkled lightning
Seems ever brightening,
And loud and long
Again the thunder shouts
His battle song—
One quivering flash,
One wildering crash,
Followed by silence dead and dull.

* * * *

And then a total lull."

Dr. Deutsch had succeeded in keeping a somewhat restless audience perfectly spell-

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bound till the last mutterings of the storm died away in the distance, when the applause broke forth long and loud.

The interviewer of old memories as often as not accosts you in your walks abroad, and hence it comes about that even the long unlovely streets and squares of London become each in their turn a sanctuary where our past selves may find sweet seclusion from the hustling present. I never turn from the noisy Marylebone Road into the quiet of Devonshire Place without feeling that spirits twain—nay, a goodly crowd of friends—have walked with me. At No. 39 lived John Kenyon. I see his jocund face at the door, speeding some parting guests, after a breakfast of the gods—or maybe he is waving a signal of greeting to his opposite neighbour, Miss Allen. She and her sister were two charming, kindly old ladies,

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who knew a great many people worth knowing, and remembered a former generation of notabilities. Their father had been the last English governor of New York. Crabb Robinson, their intimate friend, mentions their name in his Diary, where he says—

"This morning has been anxiously spent and marked by bad news. Miss Allen sent a messenger to inform me that by telegraph the news came of Kenyon's death. It was expected. He was a prosperous and a munificent man."

In more recent years several other friends have made this locale a place of memories. Mr. and Mrs. Gwyn Jeffreys lived here, and some of the most agreeable scientific and social gatherings that I can recall at this time were at their house in town, and at their country residence, Ware Priory. Mrs. Gywn Jeffreys had

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not only a widely cultured mind, but she possessed in a remarkable degree the power of intellectual sympathy, which is a gift of heart as well as mind. How different the same people can be in different houses!—not consciously, perhaps—moreover, we all know there are friends with whom we are at our best, and there are others worthy of all respect, with whom we talk and talk, and yet are but dumb souls.

As an authority in natural history Mr. Gwyn Jeffreys is best known by his work on "British Conchology." He was another example of the early age at which a taste for natural history is manifested. Like Edward Forbes, he began his collections at the age of seven. At nineteen he contributed a paper to the Linnæan Society, containing the results of some important researches on a certain group of mollusca.

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I remember Mr. Gwyn Jeffreys telling me that when at Upsala, in Sweden, he met a grandson of Von Linné, who expressed surprise at our calling his grandfather "Linnæus," which was the Latinized form of the name till he was ennobled. Mr. Spence told me that his collaborator, Mr. Kirby, always wrote and spoke of Von Linné, as he is styled abroad, and as his name appears on the title-pages of his botanical works.

The deep-sea explorations which Dr. Carpenter and Mr. Gywn Jeffreys carried out in H.M. surveying ship *Porcupine* in 1869 and 1870 resulted not only in a distinct gain to marine zoology, but led to highly important observations on the temperature, salinity, and the under-currents of the ocean. As we learn more and more of the secrets of the sea, we find how the minutest and apparently most isolated fact

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may touch upon every science that circles out into cosmic law. All knowledge must help together in explanation of the wonderful balance which renders the existence of this complex world possible. We might say in other terms what Terence expressed in the well-known words, "I am a man, and nothing human is foreign to myself," and advance as an axiom, that there is no fact in nature which is not interdependent upon the whole phenomena of nature.

It was Maury, the American, who began his "Physical Geography of the Sea" with the sentence, "There is a river in the ocean,"—going on to remark that the indigo-blue waters of the Gulf Stream are so marked that the line of the junction with the common sea-water may be traced by the eye. The colour, it would seem, is intensified by, if not entirely due to the agency of suspended particles in the water. From

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Mr. Gwyn Jeffreys I learnt that Dr. Carpenter and himself arrived independently at the same conclusion as Professor Tyndall on this point, in reference to the beautiful blue of the Lake of Geneva and the Mediterranean. The fact seems to have important geological and biological relations. Captain Maury was the first to suggest the theory of a normal and general interchange of water between the equator and the Poles. I was told by Mr. Gwyn Jeffreys that his own researches on the subject of oceanic circulation tended to conform the hypothesis, which, say the physicists, "would result from a difference of specific gravity caused *inter alia* by difference of temperature." Tyndall speaks of the rhythmic motions of force, and truly the story of the earth, and of the waters under the earth, is in itself a poem!

In the spring of 1863 I had met Captain

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Maury at the house of Lady Millicent and Dr. Bence Jones. Admiral Fitzroy, Sir Rodney Mundy, and Sir George Back were guests on the same occasion,—quite a naval dinner. Maury, who was an American of the Southern States, was looking very downcast, for war was raging at the time. I heard that he was anxious about the safety of two of his daughters who were on the war trail. Sir George Back gave me a very interesting account of ice-storms in high latitudes. He was rather surprised to hear that on the Quantock Hills, in Somersetshire, we had come in for a somewhat similar experience. A fog of great density and non-electric had pervaded the whole district for miles round throughout one winter night. A sudden fall in the temperature had taken place, with the result that by the morning everything was covered with a thick coating of

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ice. The air was perfectly still, when the light revealed the strange scene of a world made of opaque glass. The overburdened boughs and leading branches of the trees came crashing down under the sheer weight of ice; our neighbours, as well as ourselves, lost more ornamental timber than we had done in the worst wind-storm of many former years.

I have noticed that Arctic explorers are exceptionally light-hearted, cheerful people. This notion of mine received confirmation from a gentleman who had lived some time in the tropics, and later, as one of Mr. Leigh Smith's expedition, had suffered an imprisonment of more than a year in the land of snow and ice. He said he had observed that, even under the most trying circumstances, cold had an exhilarating effect on the spirits, whereas great heat has a depressing influence.

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The mention of Dr. Carpenter's name recalls the recollection of much pleasant hospitality at his house. One evening he exhibited to his guests, amongst whom Professor Helmholtz was the most distinguished foreigner, a curious optical instrument called a suedescope, which has the power of reversing concavities and convexities. Some experiments with the instrument drew from Dr. Carpenter the remark that a psychological principle may be deduced, showing how the mind refuses to indorse a false and unnatural impression made on the eye.

In his "Reminiscences," Mr. Mozley mentions that an American said to him, "Your Free Trade would have ruined you but for the accident of the gold discoveries, which cheapened the precious metals as fast as Free Trade cheapened corn." A-propos of this, I remember the same even-

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ing, at Dr. Carpenter's, I had a long conversation with Dr. Graham, the Master of the Mint, who remarked, amongst other things, that the discovery of gold in Australia was the most opportune thing that ever happened, adding that "it would be hard to say what we should have done without it." Speaking of Australia, Sir Charles Nicholson, who was present, gave an interesting account of the Chinese immigrants. He described them as an honest, simple-hearted, and a very enterprising people.

In the decade of the Sixties there was hardly any man of science whose name was more frequently on men's lips than that of Sir Charles Wheatstone. One met him everywhere, and personally I was often at their house in Park Crescent, his eldest daughter being an intimate friend of mine. In London I had generally heard Wheatstone speak on his own special subject; he

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was very accessible to visitors who desired to see his wonderfully ingenious applications of electricity. In the autumn of 1871 we chanced to be staying in the same hotel at Lucerne, and it was then a revelation to his listeners to find that Sir Charles was a man of very wide culture outside his own subjects. During many pleasant excursions by boat or carriage, those who were fortunate enough to engage him in conversation had a great intellectual treat. It is difficult to bring into focus the philosopher's discursive talk suggested by the last news in scientific discovery, or by the topics of the hour. Not unfrequently he took a higher flight, and looking on the beautiful face of nature, he was led to speak of the inner soul of nature, and then the true poetry of science became audible to us. Another, and better, known side of Sir Charles Wheatstone's intellect was his

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marvellous power of making out the most carefully constructed cyphers. No doubt the same peculiar ingenuity of mind which led him to turn and twist the magneto-electric force into mechanical uses, led to his facility in deciphering hieroglyphics. His powers in this respect seemed almost uncanny! The same order of mind is shown in Thomas Young, to whom we owe the undulating theory of light. He, like Wheatstone, was attracted by cryptic writings, and though his claim to the interpretation of the Egyptian part of the inscription on the Rosetta stone is disallowed by the adherents of Champollion, still the rare faculty for highly ingenious speculation was part and parcel of his intellect.

Wheatstone observed to me that he considered the three great discoveries of the age were Young's theory of light, Oersted's discovery of electro-magnetism

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in 1820, and Faraday's process of inductive reasoning which led to his conclusive experiments on magneto-electricity twelve years later. It has been remarked that Oersted in his detection of the fact of electro-magnetism "tumbled over it by accident," but, as Lagrange said of Newton, "such accidents only meet persons who deserve them."

I had the pleasure of conversing recently with that veteran of science, Sir William Grove, and in answer to a remark of mine that electricity had made great advances since the days long ago, when he and my husband used to compare notes, he said, "The applications of electricity have vastly increased, the science itself has not advanced."

To return to Sir Charles Wheatstone's high estimate of "Phenomenon Young," as he was called at Cambridge, I remem-

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ber his saying that, with all his great attainments, Young had never been one of the popular names in science, as he rightly deserved to be. Several years before I had heard a similar remark from Sir Benjamin Brodie.

The mention of this distinguished physiologist recalls to my recollection a very memorable evening. I never remember listening to a more delightful talker than Sir Benjamin Brodie proved himself on one occasion when I had the pleasure of sitting next to him at dinner. He had already passed the Psalmist's limit of age by five or six years, but age could not stale the infinite variety and animation of his talk. He was amusing on the subject of farming, which he seemed to think ought to engage the attention of every man towards the close of life. He had tried it, but found the luxury too

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expensive. Then he went on to say that "poverty in the open air may be better than the inheritance of wealth—with too much lithic acid in the blood." Of all the physical philosophers I have ever met, Sir Benjamin Brodie was the most metaphysical. We had been discussing Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality," every line of which seemed to be familiar to him, when I spoke of those flashes which "Tell Time it is but motion"—those "shadowy recollections" that cometh from afar—when Sir Benjamin answered, using these remarkable words, "I have often felt something very like what the poet describes. If a future life, why not pre-existence? I see no reason against it."

The evening was also memorable to me, from the fact of my meeting Dr. Livingstone for the first time. Later I had several opportunities of conversing with the great explorer. Once at dinner—

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it was at Lady Murchison's—I found myself placed between Dr. Livingstone and Sir Leopold M'Clintock. The one had recently come from the torrid zone, the other from the Arctic regions. I likened myself to the squirrel that is supposed to run up and down the tree Yggdrasil, first listening to the eagle, who sits at the top in the heat of the sun, and then collecting news from the frost giant, who lives at the root in the land of Hela.

Some years later—it must have been in the spring of 1865—I met Dr. Livingstone at one of those brilliant gatherings given by Sir Roderick Murchison in his character of President of the Geographical Society. It was a gay scene,—a union of fashionable and diplomatic people, statesmen, and politicians, with a qualifying admixture of scientific and literary men and women, many of whom were

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foreigners. Amongst the distinguished crowd there was no personality more interesting, I thought, than that of Livingstone. His countenance wore its old expression of supreme earnestness and of high purpose, but I fancied he looked rather sad and worn. This emboldened me to say, while regretting that he was again about to leave us for the wilds of Africa, that I thought he should rest now, having done more than his share of good work. He replied in these memorable words, so simply spoken and so characteristic of the man: "While I have life and strength, I shall always feel I have work to do."

THE END.

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